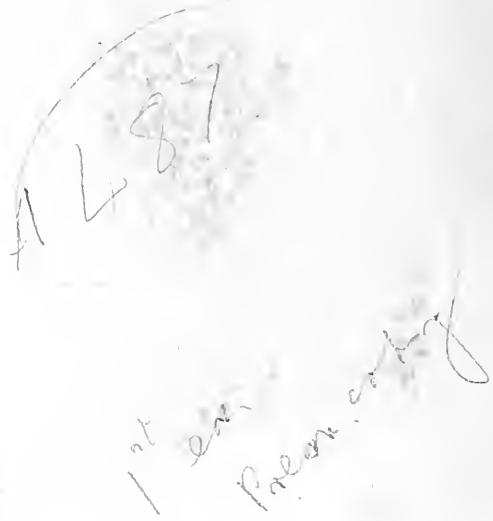

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Pagan poems

1907.

not in M.

Miss Thomson
with kind regards
from the author

SPRINGFIELD AND CONCORD

SPRINGFIELD AND CONCORD

BY

F. P. B. OSMASTON

LONDON

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TO

MY FRIENDS OVERSEA

PREFATORY NOTE

It was at the opening of the present year, during my visit to Concord (Mass), that the thought occurred to me of bringing together as some record of a visit, so memorable to myself, the three names that especially focus the significance of that nursery of political liberty and spiritual freedom, I mean the names of Lincoln, Emerson and Thoreau. To some it may appear that I have attached too much importance to the name of Thoreau. No doubt much we find in Thoreau as an exponent of modern individualism is to be found in stronger relief and more original colour in Walt Whitman. It is also true that Thoreau was even more indebted to Emerson for his general intellectual outlook and its artistic expression than to Whitman, whose influence, such as it was, touched him later. But without concurring, for one moment, with the suggestion of his English biographer that Thoreau was really the greater man of the two, it is clear he was as much an original force as either of these his two compeers. Mr Bernard Shaw, who I may take it is to-day our most brilliant and forceful exponent of the opposed principle, so far as we care to insist on their contrast, has recently declared in what appears to me the most elaborate efflorescence of his powers as a dramatist, a social reformer, and a thinker,[1] that human slavery has reached its worst recorded point

[1] "Man and Superman," p. 214.

within our own times in the form of free wage labour. It is at least interesting to compare with such a view the opinion of some who are still without the fatal experience. Out of the entire bundle of elucidations which I have attached to my verse, notes which I have good reason to fear, have, with the exuberance of a personal interest, overrun all the limits of modesty, I would at least draw attention to one of immediate and universal import. I refer to the note (p. 177) in which I have reprinted the substance of a convention of intelligent persons of colour belonging to the State of Georgia, in which the main appeal is precisely for this freedom of contract that we are still so ready to belittle with an eye only on one alternative. In this connection I would add, that since my return home, I have come across two books which certainly should not be overlooked by any one desirous of studying this enormously difficult but clearly inevitable problem of our own and possibly future centuries, I mean the colour problem and the just relation of different races to each other in one community. These books are Mr H. W. Nevinson's account of the actual conditions of coloured folk in Portuguese Territory on the West Coast of Africa at the present day,[1] an account which I see is being confirmed by a series of articles in the Cape *Times* written by a former Commandant with the Boers named Pienaar, even as I write these words, in the morning paper; and that beautiful and extraordinarily interesting collection of Essays by a writer of colour, in full possession of our modern culture, and exceptionally conversant

[1] "A Modern Slavery" (Harper & Bros.)

with both the historical and social aspects of the problem,[1] entitled, "The Souls of Black Folk." To the authors of both these books I would express very real obligations. Personally I am inclined to think that Mr Nevinson, under the immediate impression of his very grave experiences, has carried the analogy between the conditions of Chinese and other coloured labour under our own flag, and those he describes as the result of his investigations on the West Coast of Africa, too far. But the book is invaluable as a record of precisely that kind of evidence which, as Mr Wells has pointed out with truth in his "New Eutopia," is so difficult to procure, the evidence, I mean, of a mind that can view the black man and the white man totally apart from bias whether commercial, religious or racial, simply on the ground of truth and with reference only to the highest ethical principle. As in the case of the Georgian Convention already referred to, a main point of the indictment is against the hypocrisy which shelters what is virtually the status of a slave under the respectable figment of a Contract from which every vestige of a free entry is removed, and every clause whereof is treated with cynical indifference to all but the white man's industrial success after it has once been entered upon. This also appears to be the substance of the investigations of Mr Robert Casement in the Free Congo State, an eulogy upon whom was but recently passed by Lord Fitzmaurice in the House of Lords. But perhaps of even more importance to the full understanding of this question and the difficulties that surround it is a speech

[1] W. E. Burghardt du Bois (Constable & Co.).

delivered by a Southern Statesman, which has only quite recently been published in England,[1] and which contains an admirable summary of the situation, as it now stands in America, between the two races. The justness and directness with which the speaker reviews the historical and legislative facts which have placed the negro in his present social position is only equalled by the broad spirit and fine moral temper that pervades it throughout. Addressed, as I presume it is, by a Southerner to Southerners, it undoubtedly emphasises distinctions between racial pride and racial ostracism or persecution which an enquiry conducted purely with a view to humanitarian principles might at least consider as open to criticism; but it is full of instruction and worthy of the best traditions of American statesmanship. Among many points of interest the speaker more particularly dwells on the fact (pp. 27-30) that the population argument, namely, that the white race would be swamped by the black, has been entirely falsified by the statistics of the decade between 1880 and 1890. And the scathing indictment he directs against the attempts now being made in several states to exclude the freedman from representation by that which is in reality "a fraudulent administration of the law (p. 48)" is very notable indeed. The powers that fight against inquiry are as strong now as they ever were when Las Casas first devoted the life of a hero to the amelioration of the lot of the Indian races. How

[1] Slavery and the Race Problem in the South, with special reference to the State of Georgia, Address of Hon Wm. H. Fleming before the Alumni Society of the State University, Athens, June 19, 1906.

difficult it is to arrive at the facts is well instanced by the garbled reports that have reached us of what is probably the worst outbreak of racial antagonism that America has experienced in the present century, I mean the recent massacres in Atlanta. He would indeed be a bold prophet who, at the present critical moment in the fortunes of the great American republic, would venture to predict the final solution of this possibly the problem most vital to her future. It is not difficult to keep a clear head when we touch dry land out of reach of the torrent. But at least it must be obvious to all that the claims of personal liberty and development, the paramount assertion of public order will have to be driven home into the heart of that nation with a force very far from that realised at present before any solution is possible that makes in truth for her peace. She is apt to pride herself as in a peculiar sense the rallying point of freedom. She has not been without her prophets or her grand moments. But she is still, even in the house that she claims as most her own, but a house divided against itself. She has still to clear herself once and for ever from the indictment veiled in those pregnant words of the Roman historian, "Moderatio tuendae libertatis, dum æquari velle simulando ita se quisque extollit, ut deprimat alium, in difficili est; cavendoque ne metuant homines, metuendos ultro se efficiunt; et injuriam a nobis repulsam, tanquam aut facere aut pati necesse sit, injungimus aliis."

LIMPSFIELD, *September*, 1906.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Prefatory Note vii

PART I

SPRINGFIELD

Memorial Ode on the Death of President Lincoln 3

The Problem 48

Only a Name 51

The Death of a Child 53

Martyrdom 57

Memories 59

A White Man's Appeal 61

A Black Man's Appeal 65

A Sister of Springfield 68

A Voice from West Africa 70

Voces Diaboli 74

The Burden of the Black Folk 77

To Booker Washington 85

To Burghardt du Bois 86

A Farewell Word 87

CONTENTS

PART II

CONCORD

	PAGE
Two Contemporaries	91
Poet and Seer	96
A Dream and a Romance	101
A Word with the Ghost of Major Pitcairn	110
The Death of a Child	114
Boston Art Museum	115
A Bust of Aphrodite	120
Parish News	125
The Painter and the Squirrel	128
To a Friend	131
A Word with Thoreau in his Retirement	134
A Modern Disciple of Thoreau	136
The Gramophone	139
The Daybreak of the Lilies	145
A Winter's Bird-Nest	147
By Emerson's Grave	151
Ode to a Winter's Evening in the Far West	157

Notes 163

PART I

SPRINGFIELD

Οὐ ἐν τῷ πλήθει τῶν διδομένων τὸ ἐλευθέριον, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ τοῦ δίδοντος ἕξει, αὕτη δὲ κατὰ τὴν οὐσίαν δίδωσιν.

MEMORIAL ODE ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

O FOR the voice to clear
Sorrow's repose
In the ascendent Power which grows
When the Night fades away
Before the Day,
Leaving a hallowed loveliness the Near;
Leaving the Earth a sphere,
The heavens a rose;
O for the voice to clear
The unvoiced depths the Soul divined
Beyond the world defined,—
The Future's presence, Spirit's far land;
A breath creative and alive
To quicken life-roots interweaved
Among the host here sheaved;
Whereon the Earth's most noble dead
Her wakened Spirit as Spirit shall wive,
Speak with the sound of a triumph and a prophecy
Of still more memorable things
Accomplished than were ever achieved
By him whom Love already hath throned on high,
Crowned with Life's gift, Life's one immortal garland,
The gift of God He shall not ever pass by,

Crowned beyond all our pæans. O for the wings,
The wings of the angelic song,
Soft as a dove's and as the eagle's strong,
Sustained on which the griefs which bled
The heart of Love to the deep core
Shall flower in her enhavened heaven
As the Dawn's gathering smile is given;
A hymn suffused with Joy, an incantation
Blown on the rushing winds of Time as seed
To nourish man in faith and constancy and lead
To more than all the life we miss;
A resurrection and an incubation
Of larger truth revealed, not less;
How shall my voice do this?
Reach all wherewith Love's song would bless?
How chant the elegy of a people's woe
In music that shall flow
Through the whole scale of minors to the burst
Of Life's concordant celebration,
All shadows dispersed?
Had I the armories of Milton's tongue
To master all my lamentation
With the full groundswell of a mighty nation;
Had I Beethoven's genius of flame
The eroic symphony once more to tame,
E'en such would scarce suffice
To pinion me with pinions strong
For my great enterprise;
To carry all the burden that I bear
Into the finer air,
The Presence rare,

Of Him Whose Life imparts
Whatever of healing our breath starts.

Ye Muses that do most inspire
The bondaged souls of men,
Come down and aid me with your choir,
That failing all the expression meet
For my desire,
And Truth's deliverance,
Some notes thereof I may repeat,
Somewhat that may reveal
Her countenance;
Be touched and chastened with her seal;
Some intimations of the Song
The morning stars, shut off from wrong,
In jubilant consensus raise,
Voicing their praise,
In harmonies that climb
Over all Space and Time.

And Thou, great Son of God, eternal Love,
Who weighest all the measure of our gifts
With that which most brings Life, and most uplifts
The soul that gives and lifts to Thee the giver;
Who badest Earth have faith, but all things prove
With arrows from Thine everlasting quiver,
Stand by me, lest I utter aught at all,
In weakness or from ruth,
Less than Thy truth;
Sing aught from Earth's confederate zones
Unworthy of Thy larger tones,
Thy trumpet call.

MEMORIAL ODE ON THE

I.

The voice of Spring;
The voice of Spring is heard in the land;
Come to me, lover, O come and sing
The time of Day:
The voice of Spring is heard in the land,
And far, far away,
The winter's snow o'er prairie and champaign
Melts to soft tears washed by the April rain
And dews of heaven;
The Earth looks up with gentle eyes
Under the maiden's hand;
Eyelids her Joy has winnowed clear,
As the Dawn's own face is given
Through open skies;
Flowers begin to peer:
Morning's at seven.
The lilac blooms in the dark doorway,
The dogwood flames, the Judas-tree,
The oak, lime, chesnut all agree
To don their mantles gay
Through russet blossom and bud;
Dear mother Earth feels the warm rich blood
Mount through her veins
As Spring regains
Her sweet rejuvenated maidenhood.
Down by the Potomac and Mississippi river
Aspens grow pale, green willows quiver;
Nature takes up her pipe,
For choral service ripe;
From every copse, from every brake,

From every park, from every square,
The song's the same;
"Awake, my dear, awake,
Hark to the love-notes of the birds,
Whose melodies breathe clear
Of every note of fear,
Sweeter by far than human words;
Hark, what the bobolink can do,
The thrush and oriel too,
To drive away dull Care,
And give to Nature's ecstasy a flame."
It is as though Nature herself is voicing
America's rejoicing;
Ay, with one heart would hail
The advent of her Peace;
That dovelike Bird who now returns,
From regions dim and pale,
And broods upon her nestling with wide wings,
With cooings of unfathomable things
For which her loved one yearns;
Now that the Winter of her deep distress,
Her internecine strife,
Is fled away in the serene access
Of dovelike Peace,
Who comes again to warm old life
With the fair gifts from heaven she brings
And fain would see her young possess.

II.

Over America Peace broods,
And her great people;

But over One, methinks,
As o'er no other,
Sister or brother,
With yet diviner links;
Ay, with the birth,
The exquisitely dulcet ripple
Of quite incalculable mirth,
She gives him of her foods.
Much he has done to need her,
This,—America's strong leader,—
Who sees the long day's labour done,
The first crown of his patience won;
All that he battled for,—this pleader,—
To set more near the Light
His nation,—this latter Washington,—
To set her free
To work for the high calling, with one aim,
One oriflamme in sight,
For every man and woman, all
On whom she has good right to call;
Progress shall be the name.

III.

Hark to a few notes of the address,
Delivered when Death's bitterness
Was still upon them all, the strange surprise
Of what confounded even the most wise.

Here in the very ebb and flow
Of the accumulated woe,
A voice sounds sharp above the changing tides
Which still upon Truth's charger forward rides.

The vibrant moment, when the beam
Floated the balance, till the stream
Of one soul's constancy forced it to bend
To the uprise which crowned Peace at the end.

Mark too thereunder vanished chords
Which harmonize this song of swords;
Resolve it in the fugal counterpoint we find
Revealed by Wisdom clearest to mankind.

"The struggle which has searched us through,
Right to the quick,—drawn our life dew,—
Has been a thing which, though from God's great book,
We all of us seemed quite to overlook.

"His book of judgments, verily;
Where the word ran, it seems, that we
Each living drop with our life-blood must pay
Which the slave-states had sweated slow away.

"What was the most amazing thing,
Each thought he had good right to bring
The same petition to the same just God,
Who smote each with the same avenging rod.

"Nay, more,—from the same Bible each
Learned on their knees thus to beseech;
Both sides were wholesome, brave antagonists,
Who found each other too strong for their fists,—

" Nay,—by the God of Truth,—their prayers
To penetrate more unawares
The armour of the other,—right assessed,—
Neither with all he asked for has been blessed."

Stay,—Mr President,—hold there ;
Fain would I follow all your fair,
Large utterance ; but surely here your soul
Has pushed a little ahead of Mind's control.

What ! were there none in all your States
Who read the wise book of the Fates
To other issues, none who kneeled and prayed
As men to whom Love's Prayer is never gainsaid ?

None who abjured the this and that,
When before Him they doffed the hat,
With Whom all that we ask with throbbing nerves
An aim too often invisible subserves ?

One soul at least in your Concord,
I'll warrant, faced the unseen Lord
More wisely than to whisper world success
Ever shapes finally our Blessedness.

Ay, we have had our faith run out
To the bare vanishing point ; with doubt
We have been tried, as the pure silver is tried,
Throwing all that was dross upon one side.

Fond hopes have vanished, gone to ground,
Mercies we sought we have not found;
Thus God fulfils Himself to the elect
In just the ways they least of all expect.

E'en this death-grapple,—weigh it well,—
Through all its terrors as from hell,
Bares still a softening at the edges like,
Before and after each must,—strike and strike.

Brave men through all you have remained,
Not merely brutes with slaughter stained;
It may be you have found the one high road
To that same Temple's base for which you strode.

Ah, sir, it seems your own white horse
Kicked with precisely the old force
Wherewith your angry brothers used to whip
All that they branded in their dark slave-ship.

Compulsion,—there's the tooth of it;
The angels marked the biter bit:
No wonder that he rallied strangely,—right
He came out with his armies all to fight.

Thus he expounded the main thing
He most denied; stung with the sting
With which he sought to plague the human hive
That drones more shrewd and succulent might thrive.

Tough men and valiant by the score
They proved, as Cæsar proved before,
That in the icy game where cannons thunder,
Earth's old gods revel,—the worst of crime's a blunder.

There's Stonewall Jackson, with those gray
Steel eyes of Cromwell,—anyway
With a glint of Havelock's,—hardly, I fear,
A Gordon's temper,—that heaven shall clear.

Cromwell or no, for once the gods
Give to their favourite the odds;
Jackson is laid out by the men who most
Adored him,—throw the sponge up, all is lost.

John Nicholson's,—our loss at Delhi;
War drowns the bravest in her belly;
And Justice has to wait or not to wait
Until her cause leaps over that of Fate.

This time it shall not (ay, *their* psalm),
If General Lee has lost one arm,
The other's left him, Nelson had no more,
One that shall bring *your* rebels safe to shore.

Genius has marked her man; the thing
You seek for vain on either wing;
Till you clutch Sherman, float away on Grant,
Who grinds all to the powder that you want.

One lesson for both: this one that Pride
Plays the real havoc with a side:
However we be fighting, right or wrong,
It is the weak that loses, not the strong.

The gods can wait; Napoleon wins;
Rounds half all Europe to his pins:
Kaiser and Pope,—all flutter like scared birds;
But still Pride shall be broken to potsherds.

As for the big world it looks on,
Scarce knowing now which way to run;
Thinking the cause scarce justifies the noise,
But loving probably the bravest boys.

Well, Mr President, your fate
Was not the Lord Christ's,—merely to wait:
You were excused that weapon,—you have won:
What need has Concord now of Emerson?

What use indeed until she finds
Peace grows yet more injurious rinds
To be ripped off than this your War's loose pile,
Whence to your frank amazement you defile.

Brief, the blood-wrestle has been long:
It almost seemed *we* were the wrong:
We've struck out hot for Truth,—found Love's relief;
And Wisdom waves her snow-white handkerchief.

IV.

Over America Peace hovers,
And her great people;
Broods with the tenderness of lovers,
Divided long, but reconciled;
Weary as any child
Of all the fret that he has made;
Thus she has smiled;
Much as the sunlight's laugh will ripple
Over broad seas when skies break clear
Of all the clouds that played.
O, at a time of day as this is,
What place is there for the little or mean?
When the mother herself her own son kisses,
What room is there for the base or unclean,
For the lurking Dread unseen?
O, lover of Earth, elate,
The walker in Darkness moves everywhere;
What knock is there even now at the gate?
Surely a cry as of mourning I hear;
O, my lover the hour is come
When again the pulse of a warrior's drum
Shall roll through the awestruck street,
And a sound of bitter wailing indeed,
As the muffled notes draw nearer and nearer,
Shall play on your heart like a reed,
Shall beat on your heart, ay, beat
Like barren seas on a desolate shore
That hears them beat, beat evermore.
Take heed, O lover, take heed,
A Thunderer too is the great Cloud-clearer.

v.

Lincoln is dead:
In one word all is said:
Treason has done its worst;
One maniac's insensate thirst
Has emptied all a spring
Of sweet medicinable waters,
From which there flowed,
As from the hills of Greece,
Or Hebron's yet more old bubbling,
Perennial clarity
O'er the dust-travelled road;
The rare increase
Of faith girdled with charity,
As with a fleece;
Earth here has lost
One of her Spirit forces,
Touched by no soilure from polluted sources;
Once more in widowhood her hands are crossed;
She sits veiled in the sun.
A big heart here has ceased to beat,
A heart as big as the whole world, but one
That could not hold the memory of a wrong;
Blow the loud bugle-note
Whereon all hearts together float,
The rallying cry he taught us,
The uplift of our song.
Lincoln is dead:
With a strange suddenness Truth starts up;
And Rumour horsed upon her noiseless wings,
Bearing the heavy cup,

A thousand journeys takes,
Wafting upon her icy breath
The messenger of Death
Over the land he loved so well;
Linking the same from bound to bound,
As with a wizard's spell
She pours the overplus of her snowflakes
Where they are found.
Lincoln is dead:
Silence hangs over the hushed street
Where strangers meet,
Whisper together a moment,
Then pass on without comment,
Hurrying a bowed head.
Lincoln is dead:
Far off to country stores
The dread note comes,
Driving dull Business from the sums
Whereon she pores;
Death makes for all one holiday,
Thus it was ever said.
Lincoln is dead:
In dusty taverns where they slouch,
Ranchers and stockmen turn away
From curses, gambling and their glasses,
As the word passes;
Sit silent on their couch,
Or slink off without aim,
E'en with a sense of shame,
Hearing the name.
Lincoln is dead:

Far in the open fields the ploughman stops
As the tremendous thunder drops
Straight from the clouds
Of heaven's dome;
And as he hears the spinning Fates
Rattle their shrouds,
He too walks home.
Through the whole length and breadth of all those States
Death, solemn, undeterred,
Is known an emperor once more;
Whose old inexorable command
Writes all Earth's life in ribs of sand
On Time's inhospitable shore:
He touches all;
Even the heart most callous to the call
Despite all callousness is stirred.

VI.

O, my beloved One, brave,
Simple, direct and sane,
With that deep sense of human worth
Beneath all quilting and all birth;
Master and slave,
Statesman and stockman, sage and fool,
All meeting in one heart's domain,
Gathered as children in one school.
Was all thus lived in vain?
Here was a man who knew the thing he would,
And stood, ay, ever stood,
As rocks stand up before rough seas
Foursquare to all the winds that ever blew;

Not to be bought or sold
By syren melodies of peace,
Or poisoned ease;
Whose gold and only gold
Was under Duty's favour,
That his indomitable conscience doled.
Such are the salt of Earth,
Which leave behind a precious savour,
When they are gone,
Ay, the last wreath of Death have won.

VII.

The curse of slavery was there,
Not as in ancient Greece, half unaware,
But eating the nation's heart and like to spread
With many a hydra head;
Ay, fester a sore wound upon its course,
The canker in the blossom and the bud,
The indubitable source
Of shame, of cruelty and blood.
He saw the woman to New Orleans market drummed,
The shrinking maiden coarsely thumbed,
The mother cut off from her daughter,
Tossed to the man who bought her;
The father hustled from his child,
All like the dumb beasts of the homestead filed.
He laid his finger on the wound,
And with no halting sound,
Rather with the divine regard
Of passion like the Lord Christ's own compassion,

He said in his own memorable fashion,
"*If power by God to me ever be given,*
To strike the cursèd thing, by God's own heaven,
I'll hit it hard."

VIII.

That which was asked was given him;
Kansas stands free;
Nay, all the States with one accord
Follow one word,
Submit to one degree.
Even as a star floats freshly from the dim
Ethereal abysses of the blue
And softens all the view,
So through this nation sudden awake
The eyes of Liberty,
Full-sphered from rim to rim:
Out of prodigious strife
Flowers the promise of one life.
The very mountains of the land do break,
Shouting for joy in Earth's new jubilee.
O, that the Dark should lower again;
Alas, alas, that we,
Who greeted the strong wrestler with delight,
Should seem to laugh with Love in vain,
Should feel once more the hands of Night
Stoop over us, be caught
In a rushing cloud of sorrow;
Will never our yesterdays yield a to-morrow
Which brings us all he taught?

Alas, that we should have to mourn
The Day-star of the Dawn;
Alas, that he,
The lovely harbinger, who gave
The jewel his heart found,
Should now himself by Death be bound,
Leaving us lone beside a grave.
O Death, thou grievous and remorseless Ghost,
O Death, with cheerless hands thou comest to me,
Who bindest all, the bondslave and the free,
Calling them to the prison-house where they are found
Far from the hands that loved them most,
Forced now, alas, to give all up to Thee.

IX.

O Father, O my Father, whither art thou
Gone ere the fruit was bolled in sheaf,
The nation wise as her own Chief?
Gone ere the newborn Babe thy skilful hands
Had parted gently from the torn womb's bands
Lay still within the cradle of live birth,
With eyes scarce open, when the cry
Was rather a cry of pathos or strange grief
Than the astonished wonder of the Earth
Over the Spring's full leaf.
O Captain, O my Captain, whither art thou
Gone forth who led us to the wars,
Watched us, and calmed us where we went
A silent host beneath the firmament
Of heaven's unshaken stars,

Down into shadow terrible as Death;
From out of which we passed
Covered with scars,
Tattered, of mighty squadrons all bereft,
But facing thee, who stood up in the great rock cleft,
Holding the banner, our life-breath,
Dauntless,—until we came at last
Into the covert we had left,
Came with the harvest of our spears,
The end, we hoped, of all our fears,
Brother again hand-locked with brother,
All of one the same proud mother,
And smiling Peace appears.
I see the hurts thy hand was given to stanch
Bleed forth afresh;
And Hate and Malice, whom thy strong voice quailed
Leap once again, all daring, from the ground,
Eager to take us in their mesh;
The very lamp of Joy we hailed
Begins to blanch,
The casket broken of the frankincense,
The precious balm,
That salved the wound,
Now that one mighty heart's defence
Is ours no more,—thy saving arm.
How shall we build the votive temple now,
The master-builder gone,
Who made the sacrificial vow;
Vowed he would weld us all together one
In purpose as in name,
Even as stubborn ores are welded by strong flame?

X.

Mourn ye his loss, ay, mourn indeed,
Ye who most suffered in his people's travail,
The sudden bursting of the seed
Of this forsaken flower;
Mourn the dark hour:
Ye widows, and ye orphans, mourn, lament,
Mourn him who made your own heart's sorrow
Shine with the coming glory of the morrow,
Even as Night and all her blue depths are
Opened and sundered by a star;
Ay, mourn for him, all ye who with him went
Clothed as a brother man, mourn and lament:
You rough backwoodsman with whose army he toiled,
Mourn the axe riven and the oak despoiled;
You shopman in the raw provincial town,
Mourn him who shared and gave your lot renown.
Ye advocates with whom he pleaded law
Mourn the shrewd pleader who has gone before.
And ye, who locked with him the cabinet of State,
Mourn him snatched now beyond all Time's debate,
To listen to Death's own strange mysteries,
The veil all shattered now before his eyes;
Passing to where God's silence spells
Far more than Wisdom ever tells.
Ay, weep for him, Columbia,
Through all your sons and all your daughters;
Weep for your hero, softly as most meet,
Laying the burden at his feet;
With threnody of tears let Love unravel
All you have lost in this great sleep;

With Sorrow like a wave to bear you on
The swell of an illimitable sea,
Mourn for your son;
Whose soul was strong as your most rocky keep,
As wide as are your ocean waters,
And as the airs of Earth's own heaven was free.

XI.

Free as the heaven is free;
Bear with me, mourners, on your way;
Tarry a little, ere you lay
Your loved one in the ground;
Bear with me patient while I shoot
Thought's wingèd arrows further, sound
Depths of that dark sequestered wood,
Called human history, enlarge
With other wisdom God gives me
Truth's more capacious round,
Striking full on the targe;
Evolve the same, ay, flower and all,
By baring first the root;
Unfold the blossom on Life's apple-tree,—
This whiteness where we stood,—
Free as the heaven is free;
Ay, for a man's last coronal
Truth is a right good wreath, I wot;
Sure 'tis God's own forget-me-not;
And Love what is it but Truth's essence,
Her volatile sheer selflessness,
Crushed through the veils of Soul's wine-press;
Much as a lily's sweet quintessence

Irradiates the scent on all around,—
Further, yea, always than we've found;
And with them both hearts oft revive,
Fanned by the Spirit most alive.
If that I now uncover to you
Who come beneath my vestal ring,
Falls short of your own bell of blue,
Pass,—suffer me at least to bring
The umbelled treasure that I know,
Till the more daring one shall grow;
If my possession climbs beyond
The rim of your own calyxed frond
Do the thing angels much has tasked,
Think that which strikes as shadow masked,—
Thus God was Darkness called of old,—
Is but the shade o'er finer gold,
Is the same Truth that sets you free,
The same unbosomed which I see,
Though little or nothing it may be
Beside the all assembled garden
Where sits in perfect Light the Warden.

An intermezzo Music's lovers
Call the place where my wing thus hovers,
Leading to the funereal march,
From which shall break in final arch
All that Love gives me for a rose
To crown the elegy I close;
Thus, see, I ever begin with this
Leitmotiv of that flame's outburst,
The spark that best renews its thirst,

Nine times repeated in the kiss
Of Truth, the goddess, whose full face
We would entirely embrace;
Ay, that we all with her may be
Free as the heaven is free.

XII.

Free as the heaven is free;
Thus I open my lay;
Free to Night and Day;
Day,—the fair foster-child of the strong Sun,
Who touches all Earth's fold
With a god's alchemy,
Burning all dross to gold;
The Light where Nature's first blue sea is sounded,—
The All-Sustainer,—All-Pervader,—
Set as a symbol to the eyes,
In heaven's pavilion,
Of Earth's most obvious discoveries:
The blessed source of that clear stream which made her
The vital drop she is;
Sphering her in one mighty bowl,
Even as Spirit's ampler depths are rounded,
Link upon link, grain upon grain,
A fleece without a stain,
By Reason in the Soul.
Open no less to Night;
Night, the calm mother of the inviolate stars,
That lift their dazzling eyeballs over Sleep,
As from a voiceless Deep

Whose bottom Earth has never found,
Albeit as a maiden she sits crowned,
With jewels on her head,
To the invisible Bridegroom wed;
Which, patened there upon her great house-roof,
Seem to Earth's infantile impatience
Most strangely foreign and aloof
From Life's assertive sense;
Nay, with the angels should be in alliance,
Somewhat austere to man's daydream of Science,
That Cyclopean eye,
Which stares out of its last new telescope,
Priding itself therewith to ope
All Nature's labyrinth some day,
Ay, all her secrets to descry,
Like any wild-flower to dry;
Only to stumble on her way,
Biting the dust of that Infinity
She has no means to bound.
The stars, methinks, have more to say
In their superior fashion;
Singing of that material eyes
Know not at all, nor ever shall know;
Which from their large Olympian reserve,
Their saintlike passion,
Rather do indicate a curve
Quite other than the womb wherein they flow,
Yet more mysterious than the uneasy Ghost,
Poor dusty Space,
That lives through them alone,
The unsubstantial vast integument they fix;

Whose clear fore-fingers point to a matrix,—
Spirit's eternal throne,—
Which gives them all a grace
To move and shine
Each in his place,
All God's own children, for a sign:
Inspire an awe more weighty than the unmeaning,
Most vacant stare
Into the Bare:
The awe of spirits which move onward gleaning,
Over the up-churned furrows of the Fates,
Into the harvest field where Truth awaits
Souls that have Faith and Reason both for mates;
Which dare not crush out water from a Vine,
But are intent to quaff the homestead's wine,
Winged as the eagle to her nest,
Not to be dispossessed,
Until the Truth in Spirit they see,
Free as the heaven is free.

XIII.

Free as the heaven is free,
Freedom of the Earth's Spirit,
Down to the full emblazoned fall
Of the last solar Day,
From whence we pass away,
Ay, we and all we here inherit,
Into Night's Sabbath hall;
There to await what her unquickened seal
Of wonder may reveal;

Await the eyes that see not still in measure
Of Earth's own love the royal treasure,
But as,—nay, but we know not,—Earth
Still bleeds under the Morning's fingers,
Barely alive as yet to even the mirth
Of Eos, the fond maid, whose love-light lingers,
Yearning to lift our scales;
Albeit we wander drowsy in deep vales,
Unvisited, unloosed. O Liberty,
Thou child of Order and self-conscious Will,
As I look back to thy remote birth-place,
Cradled we know not in what rock's transept,
Spirit in man first wrestled with the brute,
Wrestled as Jacob wrestled with a Face
He knew not, though he wrestled still
Beneath the Darkness where Orion slept;
As I look back again here on the brink
Of Russia's revolution in the suit,
The old dust mantle saturate with mould,
Still in the coils of all that strangles the root
Of thy begotten flower,—the chalice gold;
As I look back and strive to count the years
That must have fluttered o'er thy head,
Like pale unheeded ghosts above thy bed,
Since thou didst first step from the Protoplast
That held thee fast,—
The bare bud all in tears;
Gaze first astonished from thy dungeon's bars,
And as any poor nurseling might,
Forlorn beneath the night,
Just dream that even this poor Earth,

Thy little worth,
Shared heaven with the stars;
Yet ever thrust back again
Into thy dark domain:
As o'er thy long captivity I ponder,
Fain must I at the God's rare patience wonder:
Poor foolish Time, methinks,
Thy touch is but an infant's pressure
Before the interminable links
That gather up the Spirit's measure;
Bind in one veritable Being
The Beauty of the Tree,
Centered infallibly,
Fold within bosomed fold,
High above Time's rough seizure;
That life which is for ever sublimating
The grossness of the carnal rind
In what is ever re-creating
A thing to unloose mankind:
That which restores its heart the most,
The one translucent Ghost,
The light of all our seeing
The house we have inherited,
The aim our Earth should wed;
Fashions alone the plain shew-bread
Fit for the table of our tabernacle;
O Liberty, the gods move slow, certes,
And much they seem encumbered with Earth's tackle,
But still they move, nay, even arouse the dead;
Oft they have roused thee when dear Love had said
She sleeps to wake no more;

O Liberty, thy growth is slow,
But still thou comest with thy virgin kiss,
Not to be measured by a unit's span
Is the full graft thou hast in store;
But through the passage of the nations,
Since thy bare breath began,
And all their generations:
Ay, Babylon, and Nineveh and Egypt,—all
Must rise and slumber first beneath the wall,
They merely fumble over with closed hands,
Dark as their own bleared Sphinx,
That drowsed in stupor, like some reptile, drinks,
Through Earth's coarse swaddling bands
Oblivion's labyrinthine waters,
But never straight to sunward winks;
Merely sees Day as through the chinks
Of barren mortar. Ah, poor child,
An evil day it was that thou hast passed;
Until at last,
Even on Earth the morning smiled;
Until at last the ecstasy of Greece,
First, through her islands o'er the seas,
Her lovely wreath of daughters,
Her far-famed Cyclades,
Kisses the hands of Nature as a mother,
Finds in the Gods an elder brother,
Beholds thee where the Earth wakes from her slumber,
Thou Day-star of the Dawn;
Ah, Liberty, thy cradle-life is ended,
Earth sees where her procession wended
Out of those years we cannot number;

She hails thee,—thou art born.
Born, ay, but still a maiden's life,
Still with the terrors of strange Fates upon thee,
If also with the Muses nine to sun thee,
Still barely conscious of the strife
That is the heritage of thy due season,
When Love is known the birth of Reason;
When in the Counsels of the Lord on high
Another voice, as of a babe's, shall cry,
And lift thee weary higher, higher,
Beyond the herald notes of Day,
Reverberating deep into the Night,
With fires keen as her own fire,
The last word to thy children, Liberty,
If they will take it as pure light,
And heart to heart follow alway;
The Hebrew finds release;
Love sings the anthem of her Peace,
For all the sons of men;
For all to take up and salute
Whatever choir,—if such there be,—
In that strange land we cannot see,
To join their minstrelsy,
When Earth is come to flower and fruit,
Comes to a ripened centre, when
Her scrannel pipes are changed for lyre;
When upright to the God, her sire,
Her children all,—facing one Star,—
Spirit's most spacious Sun,—
For Love and Truth with Liberty are one,
Work in the garden of the Rose.

She still awaits the coming. Ah,—
What a fall was that of hers from those
Two April resurrections; O, how far
Have men not wandered, men not done
To maim and wrap and strangle thee,
Dear Liberty, in that which bound thee,
The filaments that were thy hem,
There on thy native stem!
Not done to hush the lark-like song which found thee
Staring full-eyed on Hellas,—a god-like maid,—
While with thy locks the blythe Hours played,
Lovely to look upon,
A joy for ever:
What has not blindness wrought to sever
Thy mother Earth from that fair pearl
Starred in her diadem,
Which called her as a daughter to unfurl,
Keen in the Light's new leaven,
With a thousand eyes as lustrous through wide heaven
Beckoned, but found, few, ah few, indeed
Of the same colour and intrinsic meed
That thee, dear Liberty,—so long a maid,—
The queen of Earth and Heaven arrayed.
Ah, when will thy most dusty requiem
The years in congregation all have droned,
Where the winds aimless have not moaned,
Speak forth with tongues of fire,
Fit for thy new Jerusalem,
More worthy of the gracious heart,
The elevated mirth,
To which her sons aspire;

A song of calm and noble gratulation,
Time with his ruthless touch can never alloy,
Nor utterly destroy;
In which a troop from every nation
Can take good part
In votive celebration;
Yet more symphonic than the marching hymn
The Teuton master's passion raised
To all Earth's Spirit praised;
Voicing the thunder of the Cherubim,
With heaven face to face,
In accents of the coming race;
When all stand up before one throne,
With Liberty enshrined and known,
Shouting for joy
Their carolled Jubilee,
Free as the heaven is free.

XIV.

Free as the heaven is free,
What shall I sing to ye,
In this your young Spring-time,
Ye swarthy sons of Afric's clime,
To whom this man ye mourn aloud
Came not as captain, father, brother,
But rather as the pillar of cloud
Which led the captive people through
The Red Sea's gulf to write anew
Beyond the flesh-pots, Egypt's shame,
The annals of a glorious name,
Yea, in the writing of their history's mother,—

Moses, the man of God, no other,
How shall I sing to ye?
Shall I go bid ye wail him most,
Shall such be your immortal boast?
Nay, God forbid that I should sing
Any such foolishness, should say this thing
And forfeit Truth. If ye were slaves,
Whose life-blood was poured out in staves
For Mammon to bleed there the notes
Of music pealed by hell's brass throats,
The soul that thus enslaves another,
Who so confounds God's cryptogram,
And mocks His own naked "I am,"
Who thus would hark back God to school,
Thinking humanity to smother,
Rather a thousand times, I trow,
Doth so enslave himself, the fool,
Than him, whether a child of Ham
Or Shem or Japheth, it steads little
What man he forces thus to bow
As the blind ox beneath his plough:
That bow he bends shall break off brittle;
Ay, all the gods in heaven shall laugh
A laugh most terrible indeed
On him and all his blasphemous seed,
Driving him down the winds as chaff
Is driven where the cold worms feed.
Aha, ye slavers, rather ye should boast
That it is ye should mourn this man the most.
But as for ye, my brothers, ye,
I cannot find where is your shame;

That men have struck you in the face
But sets ye in the Lord Christ's case,
Who was put into such disgrace
That afterward His passion might
From such as this man,—such as he,—
The man we mourn, flash out a light
And give ye,—nay, not Liberty,—
But the first radiance of her glance,
The right of all true men to be
Heirs of the Earth's inheritance,
Freemen among the free,
Working for the respublica,—
Advise her,—mark that one word rent
From famed John Milton's testament,—
One bare spark where each flames a sword
In Freedom's Bible,—ay, its scimitar,—
The Areopagitica.
Ay, ye are black, from foot to head,
And the fair stars of heaven are white,
But just so far is their gloss bright
As each the inward rapture vents;
Else what are they but cerements
Of balls, dismantled, unannealed,
Detested corpses, blots congealed
That pitch through heaven's caved universe,
A vision of Life's empty purse.
Nay, brothers, look ye, in one mine
Are diamonds white and diamonds black
Neither of which have aught of worth
Save in so far as they give back
The beam that is not of their earth,

The lustre which fills all the sack
With drops which show them as rich wine.
Methinks the gods rank Earth's whitewash
At no such level; through their courts at least
Intrinsic values only find a priest
To pass and shrive them; either we do flash
The glowing essence or we are dead grapes.
Proud man thinks otherwise, as though it mattered
Whether the silvered glass in which he gapes
Flatters him more than the poor apes;
As though the angels cared for his frock-coat
When he is cuffed forth bare from Charon's boat;
Or whether he with Judah's braves has battered
Rather than with the clouts of Gibeon clattered;
Not so, my brothers: No,—I will not task
The lords of life with such indifference,
Who gave all that is human the same sense,
Who rate all labour in the self-same basket,
Reefing all sails with one supernal gasket,—
Desert according to the talents given,
Justice as she is known in heaven;
Who wot but little as with souls they play
Whether the counters of their game of chess
With ivory or ebony their kings express;
Rather their judgments fall in one grand way,
Mammon and Vice for all have one hard name,
The curse upon the Idler is the same,
And all receive one measure,—if they ask it:
Ask then, my brothers, ye have but to ask,—
Take from the King's own board whatever flask
Seems to your soul most full of the King's light

That sets ye flashing eyeballs in the Night:
Thus shall ye only take, ay, and receive
More than this son of man could ever give,
The man ye thought, alas, had set you free;
Know Liberty the goddess that she is,
Receive her nuptial kiss;
Become as jewels on Earth's breast,
The darkest she loves best,
Even as Night's are most caressed;
Thus shall ye be
Free as the heaven is free.

XV.

Come, then, come,
Brothers, carry him forth, he is no stranger;
Comrades he loved and walked with here on Earth;
Soldiers he led into the paths of danger;
Sons he ennobled with his larger worth:
Come, ye mourners, come,
America calls each son,
Take your last look on the loved face;
Then bear him darkling to the place
Whereon his soul was set;
Which he himself most wished to see,
When his main task was done;
(Come, mourners, come,)
When he had passed beyond the fret,
The trappings of his house of State,
A simple citizen as any one;
And could with unassuming toil await
The call of his great Captain, so

He wished, this man of men, to go.
Come, then, come;
Soldiers he loved, beat low and slow
The muffled drum;
Carry him forth, ay, wave on wave,
Down to his rest beyond the life he leaves,
While all the world looks on
The sacred urn,
With sorrow and concern,
And Christ receives;
(Soldiers, beat soft your drum)
Bear the great leader to his grave.

XVI.

Solemn and slow
The long funereal procession passes
From the White House in Washington,
Through Baltimore and New York State,
Columbus, Harrisburg and Buffalo,
Cleveland, Chicago,—one by one,—
Each the full train of Sorrow glasses,
Each bears the weight
Of one consentient lamentation;
Carries the bier to set it down at last
There in the place that knew him best,
That watched the Spring's first youth,
All that was first confessed,
Grow strong in courage and in truth;
There to be mourned for by the few
Who knew him as only the nearest knew;
Illinois' Springfield holds him fast.

Here is his own last station;
Leave him there, my friends,
Ye can make now no more amends;
With the widow weeping close beside him,
Leave widow and children there alone,
To cherish all that's left to cherish,
Which never can wholly perish
So long as in one heart he still is known;
Leave him with nought now to divide him
From the throne
Where he and Love are one.

XVII.

"To hold him at the heart";
How this alone shall start
The virtue of Love's final celebration.
The organ winds through pillared aisle,
The solemn *inter vitae's* anthem swells
Deep through the life-roots of a nation
With all the pomp and panoply of State;
Tolls with the voice of a cathedral's bells,
Tolls, tolls a little while,
Within the tower, above the entrance gate.
Such is not all
Asked by the living God from man or nation,
When He gives either for a sign,
The rod that budded in the ark,
The beacon through the Dark,
The cup which overflowed with Christ's good wine,
A character illustrious as this
To point Earth to her fairer destinies;

Such is not all
The meaning of the Hand behind the wall.
Not through the coloured windows of our tears,
The dusty monuments of hearts that bleed,
But of the self-same petals as the seed
Dropped in the ground that Life appears
Which to the lost beloved shall stand indeed
A monument which sluttish Time shall never coerce
Or take into his withered purse.
America, stand up,
Drink from his own wine-cup,
Be strong as he was strong,
Be plain as he was plain,
Be pure even as he was pure ;
So shall ye sing a song
Not sung in vain,
Which shall endure
While Earth's old walls remain
To shout and echo back again.
Only through his great fortitude,
Heroic faith, simplicity of aim,
Virtues which ever side with what is weak,
And with the voice of angels speak
Like a trumpet to foul Mammon's brood,
That harlot which ever by stealth
Creeps upon life to take her wealth ;
Creeps upon man and woman-hood,
Creeps upon Time lulled to repose,
And Spirit on the dunghill throws ;
With virtues such as these alone
Men shall of right perpetuate his name,

Rise o'er the mirage of all Chance and Time,
Yea, to the windows of heaven's palace climb;
And there be heard indeed;
Building a sepulchre more mighty than a throne,
The actual blossom of the seed;
More fair than Agra's fairest flower was ever shown,
More royal than ever Egypt shaped in stone.

XVIII.

The President dreamed a dream,
A dream which often came to him,
So ever it did seem,
When on the evening of some big event,
He swept through Silence with mysterious Sleep;
As though a messenger it came to him,
Prophetic to his hand,
Out of the Deep:
And many a battle he with truth foretold,
As Gettysberg, Bull Run, Antietan,
Whose visionary cloud his eyes foreran,
Down to that last death-rattle of the Wilderness,
Which led his people to their promised land,
But laid its bleeding thousands in the mould.
The dream he dreamed was this:
He entered some strange mariner's boat,
Making a voyage foreign and remote
Through unknown seas;
And much he toiled on those cross-trees,
Ay, much he toiled and toiled in vain
Through tempest and the shadow of great rain
To reach the shore where he was bound,

For so he ever caught
The vision of that port;
And when it seemed the haven he had found,
Then he awoke.
So once more, after Richmond fell,
He slept, and the same Spirit,—I know not well,—
Drew round his eyes that vision's cloak,
He dreamed the dream once more;
And much he wondered what strange Joy or Sorrow,—
For so it ever happed before,—
Wondered what now might come to pass
Greater than all that was,
To wit that same majestic Peace
That gave his heart release;
Thus he watched for the morrow;
But ere the morrow had fled
Lincoln lay dead.

XIX.

O Death, Thou mighty One, how shall I speak to Thee,
That I would speak untarnished by one taint
Of all Life whispers, when dear Love sits faint
And Faith goes fasting; when we see
Life rather as we wish Life's goal to be
Than as the Truth proclaims it, dared we look
Straight into her half-opened book
With eyes untenanted and free.
When Faith goes fasting, and our cheeks
Are wet with scalding tears,
And we on billowed griefs are tossed,
Battling with secret fears;

While each the first soft refuge seeks,
Nor counts the cost.
O Death, Thou Prince of Spoilers, what high Fate
Has dowered Thee with a mandate thus to level
All things on this terrestrial ball,
The mightiest with the exceeding small,
The rudest cabin with the house of State,
Planing the world out thus so bevel:
What are the corners of Thy vast concession,
The limitations of Thy sovereignty?
Shall Thy most irreclaimable aggression
Never one jot abate,
Ay, yield no tittle from its harsh decree
To yet more royal thrones sitting in session;
Or must we perishing fabrics of the Earth
Resolve to live but for the race,
Surrender once for all the darling hope,
Which once as from a Star we hailed,
Even as mariners that homeward sailed,
Of finding yet another house in Space,
Where Spirit shall meet Spirit face to face,
Soar to its widest scope,
The very crown of heaven embossed,
Before our eyes:
Surrender the supreme Surprise,
The breath which Love most tenderly inhaled,
Our Phosphor of the morning paled;
And we, and we,
Who sailed across Time's sea,
Units in the One Universal lost?

XX.

We pass upon a breath into a dream
Of waking slumber, and we know
Little of whence we come, whither we go;
We launch our fragile vessels down a stream
Embarked for unseen harbours and a shore
That ever more recedes the more
We interpenetrate the flow;
And from the mouth of Wisdom apprehend
That on the way we wend
Things are not as to sense they seem;
We dream to wake, we wake to dream:
We battle through the burly of our life,
Join hands with Love or Hate,
Crowned with a glory or an unkind Fate,
Which carves us with a knife;
And then all of a sudden it may be
The Truth appears,
That out of all this Earth's inhabitants
Few, very few, do aught at all,
By labour or by festival,
The thing most cognate to our wants;
That for which most our Spirit pants;
Or with the ministry of Service give
The less intrinsically fugitive
Than that conceded by the busy ants;
Who muster for a day,
Toil and then pass away,
With all that they would teach us;
Ah, Christ, how much it is they reach us.
Yet are there souls more gracious, more distinct

With promise to the race,
Whose rare stability of base,
Whose virtues, as the mountain-tops, are linked
With heaven above the cloud;
Who come to us with a most novel fire
As from an unseen choir;
Whose singular devotion to the ends,
That make to the enlargement of man's spirit,
Fresh hopes and thoughts inspire,
Which haunt us ever;
Shining a lode-star to our own endeavour;
Yea, even as though, through their exceeding merit,
The gods yet more allowed,
And we ourselves do more inherit:
Which come to us, when our strength fails,
Searching still for a sign,
Weary maybe with tales
Our fathers told us, searching too
Even as we do now,
But dare not yet allow,
As a presentment of the True;
With grace sufficient to upraise us,
Nay, down the midnight shine,
E'en o'er the big world's ocean-like unrest,
Caught like a maimed thing dumb
In Time's prodigious slough;
Spirits of calm beneficence who come
Baring Life's holiest,
Baring a region more benign,
The only atmosphere that stays us,
The only meditation that diverts

Our jangled sense from its poor hurts,
Merging each petty good and ill
In one concentric Will;
The event for whose full consummation
The whole of Earth's creation
As a strained creature groans
Heavy upon its bones;
Who are to us the weak
Something of that same sign we seek;
Some presage that the dream we know
Has somewhat other for its ending
Than all our gold is spending;
Than aught we gather from the Show:
Spirits that, evergrowing in cluster,
Call to us nobly and secure us,
As Earth is called to by Arcturus,
Or the gem in the Night's ephod
Most unassailable for lustre:
Who hail us with no sign of fear
For what the ages still may clear,
Or what may ope beneath the sod
For all who rally to their muster:
"March on, ye men of Earth, who keep
Moving the Breath which moved the Deep,
Creative of the Good therein
As when the glory first looked in;
Harmonious with the master aim
Your Earth for Spirit to reclaim;
Exalted ever with the fine
Passion, each in his place, to shine
An altar of the Beneficent;

Attuned to one august intent
Life's shattered faces to restore
With Beauty never globed before;
To bring the hives of Earth more near
The flower of the perfect sphere,
The music of society
Where all are bound, and all are free;
Where all together share as one
The resurrection of the sun;
The house, whence Spirit's heart, at home,
Suffers no more her love to roam."
Who hail us from those virgin heights,
Unshaken by all odds;
"March onward, fellows in a thousand fights,
Greet the Invisible with a cheer,
Facing the God of gods,
The Light of lights."

THE PROBLEM

I WAS at school; a fresh lad's sense
  First saw the cloud that grows;
We played at games of mock-pretence,
  Both sexes,—colours,—thus Life flows,—
    And there I lost my rose:
Some maiden fair refused my card;
  I stared; a blank regard.

And now I have the world in view;
  Ah, brothers, if you dared
Suppress the old, begin the new;
  Suffer me venture unimpaired,
    An easy thing to do,—
Did Love give the free heart outlet,
  Suffer you to forget.

Forget,—ah, more than this for grace,
  You must believe in, mould
The symphony of race and race,
  Perceive the hand of God unfold
    One charter, not of gold,
For both of us, one master aim
  To guide, a pillar of flame.

THE PROBLEM

It cannot be; I face a mask
  Which hides a thought unsaid;
A thought which is to me Life's task,
  An open gulf between us spread:
    How vain, how vain to ask
For that you will not, you who dole
  The barest claim of soul.

And this your dole, ah, it gives me
  That I must fain combine;
Two worlds, in neither wholly free
  To merge the distant thine in mine,
    Beyond all limit line:
Which ever closer shuts the gate,
  The more I emulate.

Which of these worlds that I now share
  Within, without the veil,
Is mine the most to cherish, wear
  Most loyally at heart, nor fail
    To suffer for and bear
Down to the death, asking no Why?
  Who shall for Truth reply?

O we can suffer; would to God
  That we who suffer so
Might learn the meaning of that rod,
  Enduring which we go, ay, go
    We know not whither; no:
Easy were it to suffer all
  Had we but one clear call.

THE PROBLEM

I am to you a problem; ah,
I am a mystery
To my own self; that is the bar
Which ever tries and baffles me
Struggling toward Faith's star:
We yearn for Love and Life, and find
A prison here assigned.

The streams of black and white roll on,
They touch but do not blend;
You dream they mingle in the sun,
So peacefully they glide and wend
Their ways bend after bend;
And all at once God's truth leaps out,
Which puts your dreams to rout.

The more we rise, draw near as one,
The less as friends we meet:
Ha, what's the latest news, my son,—
How strange, too, in the open street,—
Some black fool looks upon,—
Nay, talks, sir, talks with a woman white;
Is locked up,—our State's right.

ONLY A NAME

What's in a name, a summer rose
Smells ever as sweet, however we close
In barren speech Nature's repose;
Ensphere it to the mind that knows,
Naming it weed or rose.

Ah, but your name globes more than this,
The stamp's there of the genesis
Which shaped it to the clasp it is
Of heaven's own truth, or made it hiss
Like a serpent's jowl, I wis.

Who first begot it? Is the name
The birth of Reason, Love,—the same
Flowers upon it like a flame;
The spirit's there from whence it came,
Whether to praise or blame.

I call yon purple rose a weed;
I cannot make its scent recede;
But I have lied, and when in need
I call on Truth—Truth shall not heed
The liar, no, indeed.

The name I here anathematize
Is such a venomed tooth, likewise
A vehicle of shame, and lies,

God's Truth from it all naked flies
As from a devil's eyes.

Upon it rests the slurr and stain
Of ignorant pride and coarse disdain
For all that runs not to its grain
Of utter callousness to pain,
And here it will remain.

All men are brothers in one grip
Of actual Spirit fellowship;
This word doth let that substance slip;
Or, rather, say, it doth enclip
The slaver's biting whip.

Nay, e'en the badge of "slave" enrings
Soul less with arrows and sharp stings
Than this the lewd note man's mouth flings
At the dark brood from God's own wings,
The twilight Bird that sings.

Beneath "the slave" cowers manhood;
The status that wherein we stood;
Who yet shall storm out of the wood;
But "nigger" damns God's own life-blood,
Its curse blasphemes the Good.

It is the last nest of a lie;
No truce with it, the word must die;
All who accost it we pass by
As cursing Him the Lord on high,
Whose Ghost they here deny.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

He was our firstborn; through the gate
Of Life whose portals Life unbound,
The glory of our union crowned,
He came to us, noviciate
Of spirit's eyes and earth estate,
Flesh of her flesh, the human sound.

I cannot say I loved that mite
When first with awful haste I flew
To her my wedded girl, who drew
Strength from the travail of her night,
Her flower gathered to the height,
The mother's soul in view.

My heart was all with that caress
Love opened to her babe within
God's world of sunshine and of sin,
With joy triumphant; as the less
Grows through the larger blessedness,
So her love fanned mine in.

And yet most beautiful he was,
This jewel bathed in the olive tint,
That flashed upon him without stint

In waving glory luscious as
The glows of Earth through shadowed grass
  Under the solar mint.

O, dark brown eyes the blue sky's world
  Has kissed soft like a lover bold,
  Leaving an impress on the mould;
O, little tufted head unfurled
With ringlets black that overcurled
  To fringes splashed with gold.

Ah, gold and blue,—wherefore this sign
  To add the terror of a doubt?
  Art thou, my babe, as one without
And yet within the colour-line?
The very beauty we divine
  Seems our delight to flout.

O, brown eyes swallow up your blue,
  O, golden locks release your store;
  The world will only mock the more
To think the angels who brought you
Added to all heaven's starlight knew
  The wreath heaven's daylight wore.

Nay, this is madness. Can it be
  This life that ever grows more strong
  Is wedded to an ancient wrong;
Must face the Shadow I now see
Mar the pure voice to which hearts flee
  Hearing the wood-lark's song?

See how the children love to play
  Around this captain of our hearts;
  What should they know of all that starts
Their burdened elders day by day
With halting utterance and dismay,—
  Nothing their free life parts.

Ah, he shall sound a word, I said,
  To call the Gentiles from their sleep,
  Baring the light of stars more deep
Than any garish Day hath shed,
Whereby the black folk shall be fed,
  Nor like a maimed worm creep.

Alack, the sorrows of that cry
  Were never in this soul to come;
  His folk still waits their prophet, dumb:
The Winter died, Spring's feet flashed by,
The Summer glared with pitiless eye
  O'er marsh-lands baked to scum.

And then, our one forget-me-not,—
  Petals all parched as e'en the rill
  The cloudless heavens refused to fill,—
Languished,—was laid within the cot,—
His mother nursed him, who would not
  When such a lamb lay ill.

The bare life flickered in its shell;
  A week the mother's hope shone clear,
  And then there dawned a mighty fear;

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

Swift as a dream the Shadow fell,
Another Shadow; who shall tell
  Whither he passed, the dear?

Who shall disclose to hearts that yearn
  What Death vouchsafed, who robbed so much
  In that one clinging infant's touch;
The mother's faith alone doth spurn
The ancient doubt I still discern,
  Craving for such and such?

Whatever your sleep reveals for sign,
  Dear babe, Earth's pressure that is ours
  Must yield to more imperial powers;
However your tendrils intertwine
You've bridged for ever the colour-line,
Are known upon God's one incline
  Of Spirit's buds and flowers.

MARTYRDOM

Why is she standing, yonder dame?
  She must have entered last our car,
Pale and distinguished, a white flame;
  How white these Southern ladies are,
A waxlike pallor all the same.

At least I think you must agree
  With that worn face, and those tight lips,
She's weary enough, that's plain to see;
  Why then not rest faint legs and hips?
That is what downright puzzles me.

For look, why yonder, close at hand,
  Hard by the door there, quite a row
Of seats wholly at her command;
  Well, that's the lady's business. No,—
The martyr she prefers to stand.

Ah, someone yields a place, and, why,—
  God bless my soul, she takes it too;
Well, here's our street, as we brush by
  Yon bench and take a closer view,
Perhaps some clue we may espy.

I mean of course yon seats she chose
So strangely thus to ostracize ;
Look, friend,—the words beneath your nose,—
" For coloured patrons,"—otherwise
Mere pen for cattle, I suppose.

MEMORIES

See yonder marble block most precious
Of all raised to this southern sky;
Warder of memories Augusta
Never shall leave in dust to lie.

Men fired with passion carved it, reared it,
Passion no waters could divide;
The love of women crowned it, cleared it,
Laying on hands which sanctified.

Clustered around the base in silence
Stand the brave four, our generals,
Foursquare they stand, as once we knew them,
Each name a trumpet and it calls.

Brain without peer, heart most magnific,
Jackson and Lee, you mark them there;
Thunder their comrades to your music,
The steel's the same, one spirit bare.

While lifted high over his captains,
The star and flower of column's crest,
Stands the one white, your rebel soldier,
Symbol of all the host thus blessed.

No company of our State's army
  Passes the breath that breathes there mute,
Maimed band of veterans, or trained band,
  But waves the old and proud salute.

Ha! listen! There is one now coming;
  Lord, how their tramp fills our Broadway:
Black! curse your darkies from Savannah,
  How could my ears run off astray.

Pass it? Of course. O I'm quite easy,
  I'm not the fool to kick blind shells;
Only I looked for *their* grand-children,
  And draw a blank with Ishmael's.

Halt! what the deuce though *are* they doing,—
  They're pulled up straight before it, see
They wheel, and all dressed smart together
  Face now in one line general Lee.

Come now, that order rings out squarely,
  I guess yon nigger's worth his salt;
There, they've saluted, what is more, sir,
  They mean it, damn them, to a fault.

O cheer away there,—white bystanders,—
  The boys have made my own heart rock;
This many a day I'll not forget them,
  O, how they shaped to our grand block.

. . . . . .

When your Wade Hampton fast lay dying,
  He left this one thing to your care;
"God bless my people, black and white folk,
  God bless them all," a great chief's prayer.

A WHITE MAN'S APPEAL

Our pride of race, with that washed clear
  Of clouded-passions let us trace
The lines of duty's photosphere,
  Hurling the fiends of hell from us;
Drawing ever and ever more near
  Eternal Justice, holding thus
The virtue of our pride of race.

Our pride of race, shall it exist
  With deeds which are a brute's grimace,
With frenzy of the anarchist,
  With untamed mob-rule whirling wild
The mace of judgment through a mist
  Of fury in a world exiled
From all that serves our pride of race?

Fanatics,—ah, there was a season
  When Duty dared thus to efface
God's primal gift, the light of reason,
  Hounding Faith's heretics to death:
The soul of man has stamped such treason
  To God's own truth, the Spirit's breath:
Where is the Spaniard's pride of race?

A WHITE MAN'S APPEAL

"All men are equal;" thus our sires
Bared us the elemental base
Of human life's ascending spires,
The ideal sphere it was the aim
Of their new world, through all its gyres,
To rally to a height the same
Should set the crown on pride of race.

We dare not write the old bond new
Our fathers signed before God's face,
Yet there are mulling statesmen who,
Creeping around us, armed with snares
Of subtle guile, would riddle through
Our ancient charter unawares,
Shall such maintain your pride of race?

An alien folk are with us, we
Have bound them to our fair earth-space;
Export their millions over sea
We cannot; here they clasp our gate,
Where armies fought to set them free:
What then? Shall we exanimate
The firstborn of our pride of race?

We dare not; a white brood we are,
And black and white will not enlace
In perfect fusion to a star:
Fence hearth and home from their excess,
Ward off what would become a blight,
A canker to our growing. Yes,
We must protect our pride of race.

But Justice, Freedom's own breath, here
We stand one people; the disgrace
Is our's if racial pride or fear
Prompt us to scant for any her gifts,
Holding such off, lest breaking clear
All grasp the bounty which uplifts
Man to the nobler pride of race.

Or black or white the goal is one,
We start together from one base,
In the same lists as racers run:
Babes there may be too weak to share
The work most royal to be done;
Till all can the State's toga wear
Some must defer to pride of race.

Defer for a season, but have means
As our own children in the chace
To gather slow all progress gleans;
All that a nation may exalt,—
The knowledge, travail which such weans;
If then they lack, their's be the fault
Not ours or that from pride of race.

White claims the start but black may press
Beyond white laggards to first place,
Lesser may compass greater, yes,
All must have souls to voice them, feel
Their wrongs are not without redress,
Who live in one State's common weal,
Though white alone have pride of race.

Justice to all, the common good,
The rights of Liberty, her grace;
Who work for that, whatever the blood,
As citizens together they
Shape to one end our humanhood:
Justice, such is the only way
Commensurate with pride of race.

A BLACK MAN'S APPEAL

WHAT is Justice? Friends, I thank you
Thus for teaching me that word;
Hope is good for human sickness,
Hope is good though long deferred.

See, the Goddess! Fling all windows
Wide that we may know her true;
Can it really be her Presence
Who is standing there by you?

I have read in ancient wisdom
Justice was the essence strained
From the civic strife of brothers
Wrought to music many-veined.

As the scent from off the flower
Floods afar the clover field,
Order flashed the State to vision,
Justice was the lighted shield.

One through all its confluent members,
Each the magnet of the whole,
Human life to full sphere rounded,
Justice bares the spirit soul.

Such the Form, which shone aforetime
Mirrored through Hellenic mind;
Search the scripture of your prophets
There it glows that Shape divined.

Hath not one of your own poets
Hailed a Justice crowned supreme,
Throned on one white throne with Mercy,
Throned the dark world to redeem?

Sword of flame to the oppressor,
Shield of the despised and weak,
Justice tempered to the starry
Speech heaven's flamened glories speak.

Where is she on Earth, that Spirit,
Is she known to you, O Pride?
Dream your visioned dreamland, Plato,
Shakspere, on your shelf abide.

Nay, we would not be exacting,
When so much is yours to give,
Hold but equal scales of Justice,
Equal only Truth shall live.

First, the sceptre of calm reason,
First, free scope for all to rise;
Last, it may be in God's own time,
Justice found among the wise.

Lash our sins, if we are wanton,
  Scourge them as you scourge your own ;
No concession to our blindness,
  That we ask from heaven alone.

Forward, forward, O my people,
  Brand with shame the self-elect ;
With one long triumphant patience,
  Founded deep in self-respect.

Prize all labour, win all knowledge
  Which may guide and mould you, then
Fill the one place all shall give you
  Largely, humbly as God's men.

Wrestle through each foul temptation,
  Doubt of heart, Despair and Hate ;
You shall find beyond those valleys
  All your own inviolate.

Slow but sure the ages ripen
  Wisdom of the pure and just :
All are brothers, no true nation
  Can be built up on distrust.

A SISTER OF SPRINGFIELD

I HERE record a singular event
Missouri's Springfield marked as her comment
On Lincoln's most abiding monument:
Last April three black men through flames were sent,
Hurled to their last account; as fire they went
To meet this world's eternal President.
Justice withdrew from Passion's sacrement:
Why then subjoin these souls were innocent
And bigots could thus conceivably repent?

That brutal crimes like this should brand a nation
Entitled still to claim an august station
In the slow course of Earth's divine probation,
Is surely ground for bitter lamentation,
Is ground for every man's humiliation:
Surely within the sphere, where Death's pulsation
Flashed on all ears such fiendish exultation
The rocks resounded with God's indignation.

Out of that mortal ash white children bore
Strange trophies home: their elders might deplore
The chance misuse of mobrule which they saw;
But of the Olympian thunder to outroar,
Crushing therewith once and for evermore

The insensate mockery of Hate's Lynch law,
Shaking America from shore to shore,—
Alas, poor Earth, straining for other ore,
Plied the omnipotent muck-rake as before.

A mighty statue consecrate to Liberty
Faces from New York's harbour clear to the sea;
Who is yon towering Virgin? Is this she,
The symbol of man's solidarity,
The spirit of Life, self-conscious, just and free,
Or the fetish of a race, that bows the knee
To Ashtaroth, confounds the low degree,
And nails the human outcast on Christ's Tree?

A VOICE FROM WEST AFRICA

A voice out of the desert; thus it was
I saw the vision of Ezekiel pass,
  Was led into the valley of dry bones;
Yea, walked a land where Murder still as lord
Adds up his thousands to the old record,
  A land of servitude, a house of groans.

But in my vision where the white bones lay
No life returns, however much man pray;
  The blight upon this land feeds such a curse
Though palms be lifted oft with tears to heaven
No flesh is added, never here is given
  Light, the great cloud of Sorrow to disperse.

The very Earth seems conscious of the blot
Of leprosy that stings it; such a clot
  Of desolated quagmire stretched that coast;
Never the foot of man ere sought to plough
His way to solid surface through such slough
  Of rottenness Earth gives the sun to roast.

A world of mangled forest, where the trees
Wallow in shine and dank with foul disease
  Tumble in ruin countless miles and miles

Into the heart of that dread continent;
Or like demented creatures maimed and rent
  Struggle back to the surf their clutch defiles.

A land blighted by Nature, but still more
Cursed by the demon-birth of hell's dram-store,
  The white man by his coming here doth add
To Nature's dearth, a harbinger of Death
More real than all those swamps, and all their breath,
  Drowning the soul, the soul it first drives mad.

A land where honesty of heart and sight
Is hated most by men who are most white
  As whited walls of tombs and sepulchres;
Who build the shrine of Mammon as of old,
Kneading the lives of captives to red gold,
  Victims themselves have hunted with keen spurs.

A land where none must ask for naked Truth,
A land which hath no Christ nor any ruth
  Save here and there where two or three of His,
Despite all hate, have cleared for Love a space
Where still the oppressed in spirit and in race
  May bide His answer to man's treacheries.

A land of broken vows, of whitewashed lie,
Where men are freed, that freedom thus may die,
  Are whipped with scorpions to a barren yea.

My curse upon the trader who hath done,
Hounded this land to death,—God's curse upon
The freedom of the island San Thomé.

. . . . . .

The midnight hour has struck ; around me lies
This Country famed of Hunger : all the sighs
Of careworn slaves and carriers who plied
Their countless journeys through this burning waste
Which I, the Englishman, one moment taste,
Are hushed at last, the Night is now their bride.

Crickets chirp soft ; I catch the lute of things
That lend to Solitude a thousand wings,
Yea, are the voice of Stillness and its cry :
An owl, a dove,—no harsher note is heard,—
The leopard's throat to-night mutters no word,—
But all the world is here, and here am I.

There at the foot of yonder rough hill's slope
A black stream's current glides away to grope
Through many a marsh and forest ever East,
Ay, till it sweeps within the wide sea-flake
That e'en this land the womb of heaven doth make,—
Thus are the lives of men in slumber fleeced.

The Open is above me and the stars
Have loosed the heavy Earth from all her bars,
She stands entranced within the eternal flow

Of Being wherein all that Host now heaves;
How gently the moonlight shimmers through the leaves!
The house of Peace is here! Ah no, ah no,—

What are those wooden playthings I see shiver
There in the wan trees by Cuanza's river?
What is that gleaming white upon the road
That brought me hither? What that cry austere
As from the very shadow of Doom I hear,—
"No Peace, no Peace at all, but Death's abode."

VOCES DIABOLI

(Off Novo Redondo)

1905 A.D.

A FULL day's coast was our first lap,
We rounded then to port;
And waited a fresh load to cap
The cargo we had brought.

The lighters danced before the breeze
Which freshened in the sun;
The huddled blacks pitched ill at ease;
We whites enjoyed the fun.

They danced to us, they tossed and tossed
Close to our bulwark's side:
And still the bridge was scarce half crossed,
So heavy raced the tide.

First rose the platform each must scale;
Thence from our gangway cast
A ladder each must climb or fail
To reach the deck at last.

Higledy pigledy, one by one,
  Hoisted like bales or sacks,
That freight was dragged up, pushed upon
  Those rungs with cudgelled backs.

One woman there, who claimed a brat,
  A babe, scarce three days born,
Was driven to brave the rôle of cat,
  Or tumble, she and her spawn.

Sick from the voyage, weak from the first,
  Her full strength not yet grown,
What could she do but face the worst,
  Make the whole horror her own.

Hurled from the ledge to which she fought
  In vain time after time:
Her first ascent was dearly bought,
  And still she faced the climb.

Tightening her babe about her back,
  Dripping, her breasts all bare,
Flattened against that ladder's rack,
  She toiled up stair by stair.

Stretched out on all fours like a snake
  She grappled, wriggled on;
But for her squeaking burden's sake
  Her task had never been done.

E'en as it was she paid the cost
To reach our gangway's leads;
Bleeding and bruised, her blanket lost,
Her clothing split to shreds.

And ever above her travail drear
From our smug first-class deck
Rained streams of laughter, jibe and jest,
Like foul winds through a wreck.

To see this one slave mother shipped
Was like all breaths to choke;
The white man's roar his lady chipped,
As became gentlefolk.

I know not if she heard them, she,
Who walked, babe slung to breast,
With not one murmur, modestly,
To suffer with the rest.

I will not venture even God
Accounted for that mirth;
Most certainly we saw no rod
Reveal the count on Earth.

But among voices ever heard,
Most terrible I have known,
Never as through that chorus stirred
Have I marked down Hell's own.

THE BURDEN OF THE BLACK FOLK

Out of the forest primeval, the heart of a Titan land,
Shut off from the isles of the far world, the gates where the white folk stand,
Where the blaze of the sun slacks never, the home that our fathers knew,
Though how we were there begotten of Earth and of Spirit too,
Cast forth like a shadow reluctant that steals from the slumber of Time,
And driven with thongs like a scapegoat her darkest recesses to climb,
This no man hath answered, none ever, but such in good sooth we were made,
With speech in our mouths and reason, how long, how long, Lord, delayed;
The children of powers unchastened, the tribesmen of merciless kings,
With the wistful gaze of wild creatures, the fearsome awe of maimed things;
With thoughts untutored as Nature's when still in her cradle she lies,
Ere the Spirit of Earth has arisen the lord of her babe's wonder eyes,

Out of the African jungle, the twilight we crept through of old,
Ye carried us forth in your slaveships to beat our blood-sweat into gold;
Like ballast in hulls of your galleys ye carried us over the seas
To learn the fair honour of white men and build them their house of ease;
Through craft and foul deeds ye brought us; we opened our eyes and saw
An Earth under heel of the master whose will was for us God's law;
An Earth that was ours to make fruitful and fashion with dust to a grave,
An Earth that was wealth of the white man and tilth of despair to the slave;
As sheep we were corded or cattle, with lash we were huddled in pens,
Our people dropped off in the furrows, ye left them to rot in the fens;
Two centuries shrouded with darkness, two centuries harried with shame,
We toiled at the will of the white man and played the gold demon's game;
Ay, mercy, ye gave it us surely, how else had we lived through the night,
Or ever dreamed of a Canaan, the home that we sought in our flight;
Where all the weeping and travail the strong man on Earth had made known
Was seed for the harvest of triumph the Lord should reveal to His own:

Ay, if we thirsted for Jesus, the Cross that ye pointed us to,
The last we hoped of His kingdom was one to be shared in with you:
If ours was the high-way royal to patience we caught from the Christ,
'Twas only through faith in a far land we clung to the Lamb sacrificed:
As the Hebrew of old time in Egypt we built on a living groan
The palace of treasure ye builded, the fabric ye raised of stone;
And ever our cry rose upward, the cry of the dumb and blind,
The human held less than the human, the kinship made less than the kind;
Slow, slow was the answer coming, albeit beneath the starlight
A word went out as aforetime; Watchman, say, what of the night?
And suddenly clear like the call of a trumpet, flashed from the North,
This flamed through the heart of the black folk,—
"Lazarus, ho, come forth!"
We heard the deep bass as of thunder, a surge rolled up like the sea,
Earth groaned as a woman in travail, the birth that refused to break free;
We heard the tramping of armies, Bellona unleashed her war-hounds,
The bars of our prison were broken, we moved in a life without bounds;

And, lo, while the heart of your nation was severed, cut through with a sword,
A shout rose up from our people, the Lord, He is with us,—the Lord!
We dropped our hoes in the furrows, we left the ploughshare in the field,
And straight to the verge of that tempest the host of our fugitives reeled;
We clung to your camps and your waggons, we rushed where your braves swept by,
Nay rather as brothers we fought in your vanguard, and fought there to die;
Ye might think of us still as a wastrel and christen our flocks contraband,
But the doors of the world were unbolted, we marched for the promised land;
However ye claimed with loud voices ye fought for your Union alone,
The cry at your hearts was our war-cry, the seed in God's vineyards was sown.
Has the flame died off in a mirage, a gleam on the shadow of Time,
Was it all in mere haste that ye called us the mountains of freedom to climb?
Ah, whither have ye thus led us, we ask now the thunder has passed,
Where now is the still voice left us, the crown of your striving at last?
We stand like some shipwrecked stranger caught up from the trough of a sea,
But as for the city ye promised, alas, without homestead fare we;

In vain was the vision vouchsafed us, that gleam of your acres of gold,
We must back to the homes that were blasted as chattels still traffick'd and sold;
Is your faith in us still so barren, our bonds were they struck from our feet,
That only the more we may mock at the stones that ye give us to eat?
Was the charter ye waved us for token, that birth of your banners and stars,
No right save the right of a freedman to work self-chained to your cars?
Ah! hewers of wood God made us, mere helots of labour alone,—
Is this the sole worth of the black folk, the meed of his sinew and bone?
Nay, brothers, methinks ye have bared us the trail of God's chariots so far
Ye cannot thus shorten our paces or set to our footprints a bar:
We have come up with you as from Egypt, have toiled through the wilderness,
We stand on the borders of Canaan, are lost if we hunger for less;
We have breathed the full breath of the Spirit, the kingdom of knowledge that frees,
As brothers saluted your Shakspere, your Dante and Socrates;
Who once have tasted their wisdom; such know, if they dare not advance,
They drift once more to the rearguard, but pipe in the devil's own dance;

Who once have crossed the Life mountains, yea, marched
from a living grave,
Such only return to the fleshpots a people no Power
shall save;
Who once have gathered from Eshcol, how mean the
mere handful they boast,
Such are unto Wisdom the first-fruits of all that still
sleeps in the host;
Such are for the burdened millions half buried beneath
the bare life
The general's eyes in the vanguard, the strength that
gives hope to their strife.
We are weak, are ye then so faultless; the iron of
pitiless years
Has branded a mark on our forehead, the clay of our
fathers adheres;
But if we are careless and shiftless, torn estrays from an
alien world,
Do we come to your shores so giftless, is nought of our
flower unfurled?
Have we toiled for your sons so lightly, or tendered no
love at your feet,
Sung never strange lyrics of Sorrow with legends and
stories most sweet?
Will ye never set first the veiled Beauty that knows
neither colour or race,
Or mark the Lord God when He looks through the folds
of a black man's face?
Ye have broken the links of old masters, ay, crushed
the old kindliness too,
Was it merely to prove that our spirits were slaves to
the coward in you?

Will ye nourish for ever the loathing of life yellow-dyed from our race,
As though, forsooth, through your white skins ye swallowed Earth's fountain of grace?
Is your loveless wedlock or Mammon's no whit more vile to the blood
Than all that our humble maidens may bring to your fair manhood?
Will ye dare no step for the Future, but what ye have dared with blame,
With the curse of your blight on our woman, a bastard brood to their shame?
Will ye set your foot on nine millions, to root them clean from the way,
And how will ye answer to God then, or seek in His service to stay?
Will ye pass as the man who builded, but never thought well of the cost,
And so in the world's great laughter, alack, with his building was lost?
If ye dare not face all that ye fought for, set Justice austere on her throne,
At least cast anew your Statutes, like leaves down the wind they are blown;
If ye dare not crush brave the whole nettle, turn either to left hand or right,
Give all who would take it an outlet, ay, all who would on to the light;
Divide yourselves from our portion, appoint us a city of grace,
Where alone we the sons of the black folk may strive in the world for a place;

'Twere better to die as a nation who fought on, ay, ever, as free,
Than lose all heart in the struggle of helots chained fast to your tree;
'Twere better to march with courage and sound the full measure of Fate,
Than hang to the wheels of your carriage, a mute in your house not a mate:
Great God, we are weak and faithless, but how can we yield from the strife,
Or barter for that ye would dole us the Faith and the Joy of earth-life?
We move in the region of Twilight, we grope where our fathers trod,
But one thing we yearn for, this namely,—the breath of the manifest God
Revealed in the union of comrades, who seek with one spirit one light,
One fruit from the one tree's Blossom, ay, whether black brother or white;
One fusion of substance, affections, the fountains of living made one,
For thus, thus alone Earth gazes eyes free to the paths of the sun.

TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

O PATIENT herald of the meanest things
That make for growth with promise of yet more,
Patient as tidal waters on a shore
Which beats them back with iron buffetings;
Patient as woodlands ere the Dawn finds wings:
A god-like gift I name the lamp you bore
To your poor folk seeking slow to explore
The path which finally salvation brings.
One truth supreme God gave you: only life
Achieved with strength shall triumph, shall extend
The measure which is due to such soul-strife.
To suffer and to wait, such is the task
You laid, as Milton laid, before the mask
Of Him, whose Face he looked for at the end.

TO W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

A POET'S clarion yours: as winds are rolled
From spacious levels to make quick the deep,
Your voice betrays the glory which you keep
Alive with indignation; you make bold
All who are of your mettle, and unfold
The dream of thousands like to fall asleep
Aimless and careless as a flock of sheep,
That do but fatten soft fleeces to be sold.
The heart of Life is with you: thus alone
The assailing thirst for freedom shall ignite
Reverberations, ay, broad as the zone
Of the round Earth, wherever the world has Light;
And many a voice that seeks your voice to mate
Shall thunder with your own before the gate.

A FAREWELL WORD

Brothers in enterprise, brothers in zeal
To voice the unspoken hearts of millions dumb
Beneath the racial giant's fee-foh-fum:
Far be it from me the question whether your steel
Bares all a Bayard's temper, your appeal
For Justice pales in courage before the crumb
Of your allowance, or has thumped a drum
Louder than that the angel-hosts conceal.
Mine be the simple task to praise you both,
And with my praise for all white men beseech,
Now you have flamed Christ's own flag in the breach,
Room may be left for comrades bound in troth
To ring your war-cry home, to charge through Night
Till God himself declare,—Let there be Light.

PART II

CONCORD

As light enkindles light when heavenly earthly mates
The flame of pure immits the flame of pure,
Magnanimous magnanimous creates.
So to majestic beauty stricken rears
Hard-visaged rock against the risen glow;
And men are in the secret of the spheres
Whose glory is celestially to bestow.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

TWO CONTEMPORARIES

When God breathed through these souls His hale life-breath
He dropped in each, which shut it there a sheath,
To bear fruit afterwards, the same flower germ;
Wherewith they waxed up from the naked worm
To vigorous manhood, passing out of youth
To clasp and hold the flower,—Love of Truth.
One was a prophet's soul; and it was meet
The blossom there should globe in all its sweet
Profusion as the fragrance of the stem
That cradled it like the babe of Bethlehem,
Whom the East men drew near in order to see
What the new star that they beheld might be.
The other, being a poet in the grub,
Fell straight in love with that old big wash-tub
Nature gives all her children as they grow,
To wash them clean and wholesome till they go
Beyond her nursery and all its cares,
Into the Presence that voiced her baby prayers:
Ay, poets oft are obstinate like this,
Love so much all they have and fear to miss,
Know,—a rare gift it is that few possess,—
So very well where Life comes in to bless,
Love so much all their dear old Dame's playthings,
To most of which they add a thousand wings,

They find no chink where to put soft away
All that comes after a Spring that means to stay,—
The business of the World,—the golden crowns,
The temples and the furniture of towns,—
All the vast heap of goods time-seasoned men
Toil the day long for,—till they sleep again.
In truth our poet came to be so fond
Of all that grew in his old Dame's duck-pond,—
He could not give it up for all his life!
He wedded it; it was his only wife;
And year by year more wonderful it grew
As queens of fairy-land are wont to do.
Grew till it seemed the one grace which unfurled
All that was fair and stable in his world.
With that unseen possession in his hut
His neighbours all might and did think he cut
A sorry figure,—our Goliath of Gath,—
Little he cared for them or New York's bath
Of Parian marble, taps and all the rest,
Lined for I know not whose prodigious nest;
His bath was good enough; he left it clean
As the last pebble in the Jordan seen:
No,—he had found his star,—he marked its rim,—
And one star was almost too much for him:
At least he clung so loyal to its light
Most of the others vanished from his sight;
Or if they did not vanish clear away
He never wished them long near him to stay:
Ay, though he took from heaven a poet's soul,
His tone sometimes grew snappish; he would growl
At all the thousand follies that so far

From taking life and brilliance from a star
Had nothing to support them but the faint
Glamour of some old dead or dying saint:
It was as though he said,—Come, I will show
The World that looks from never one clear window
What opens straight beneath us when we are rid
Of all but eyes to see it; and he did:
For two whole years and more,—like a brave boy,—
He stood before that casement with his joy;
And ever after as often as it might be
He gazed into his Grand-dame's grounds to see
What there was new or old therein to mind,
Somewhat that he had somehow left behind.
One thing at least is certain, if our poet
Adored the Dame she really seemed to know it;
Into his lap all that her cupboards stored
Just like a doting mother straight she poured;
I know not if he ever left her grounds;
In that his wealth at least was without bounds.
He was indeed the favourite of her house,
And may be christened here its sacred mouse.
The busy World, who has so much to do,
Thought him the strangest loafer that it knew;
For though he did not nest upon a pole,
As Simon of the pillar, he gloved his soul
In quite the closest fit that could be found,
Too close, 'twas said, to keep the contents sound;
Ay, sure the man must be,—he must be mad,
Who loves our churches less than the river's chad
Waving so patient there deep in the gloom
Till man the monster, who spoiled all the bloom,

Packs himself off with his industrious mess,
Leaving the fishes some light to possess:
Still I must add, though his town-folk he braved,
The prophet somewhat of his friendship saved:
And here my jejune labyrinth ascends
To daylight; no,—behind the truth of friends
You cannot steal, I fear; that is the fine
Flavour of Life's most choice and rarest wine;
The more you pick that flower where it blows
The more you lose its nectar; like the rose,
If you would smell it's sweetest, you must leave
It humbly where it blossoms,—and receive.
However gossip laughed over the man,
It seems the friend was able here to scan
Precisely the same pansy's species
As brought himself the fragrance of heart's-ease.
The more against all Concord one seemed set
The more the other marked a rivulet
That coursed behind all words and out of view,
But welling from a fountain that he knew
Streamed straight to him from the unsounded Deep
Before whose waves the World drops sound asleep.
In one thing only was the prophet more wise,
His Soul took all the burden, not his eyes;
Though he much marvelled at his brother's sight
He cherished most of all the spirit light.

One morning as the Sage strode down the street
One asked of him, the master to browbeat,
Whether he thought his own booth on the hill
Had most wherewith the suppliant to fill,

Or the hut where his dark friend sulked alone
Hid larger treasures still behind its stone?
The prophet turned, and with his gravest smile
Thus answered back again the other's guile.
"Greatness no man can measure where it runs
Beyond the enterprise of Earth's weak sons;
The character erect upon sound feet
Stands first before the higher Mercy-seat;
He who most *lives* on Earth, despite all flaws,
Is weighed with Justice only by the Cause:
Not all who preach from pulpits or the school
Have any gift but a rod to pound the fool;
Only the deepest rivers run on clear
When man throws in the surfeit of his fear;
Who teaches all men but one priceless thing
Sits as of right in the council of the king;
Even the Fool who hearkens to the Wise
May learn somewhat of Wisdom's own surprise
As for the Fool who adds to Wisdom's eyes,
He is the wise man in God's own disguise."

POET AND SEER

Which was Poet, which was Seer?
What! a double is your star!
Both divine Past, Present, Future,
Breaking white there o'er the bar.

In the prophet I project you
He who plucks off Spirit's rind;
In the poet who brings nearest
Wealth of heart to all mankind.

Nature sheds the seeds; upon it
Shoots a stem, last orbs the flower:
Ah, how rare all run together,
Life and music, Art and power.

Is the seed of grain the finest,
Mark the flaw there at the core;
O, this life that sucks us in it,—
Art the wholesome,—nevermore.

True! the poet dares Love's vision,
Knows the star-bloom Night unfurled;
Only prophets front superbly
All the phantoms of the world.

Art takes one way, Soul another,
Both one message to the weak;
Only Life gives man full warrant
God the Word direct to speak.

Which lamented the boy Waldo,
  Bared us all that sorrow and art
Do to make tears else all speechless
  Voice the universal heart?

None the less that was the prophet,
  Stolen somehow you will find;
But the weeping Muses helped him
  All his grief with grace to bind.

Mark well both then,—here a poet,
  Nature's lover, fails to fire
That same Beauty which he toiled for
  With the full bloom of the lyre.

Here a soul with prophet's mantle,
  Truth's own blade of ice-brook steel;
Has he given all Life gave him,
  Fell all thunders from his reel?

Was it mainly (thus God blessed him)
  Voice of the highest voice that fell?
Ask the angels if he walked through
  All the nakedness of hell.

Thus I shoot from bow at venture,
  Deepest Truths are shy to hit;
Knowing well the full-orbed jewel
  Slips away,—the bare half lit.

As for what the world thought of them,—
  Pooh! who cares for the world's thought?
No,—our truth is purged with folly,
  That's the grain Truth grows from,—nought.

Poet first then; so, dear Louis,
  He was "skulker" like our Fitz;
Ah,—how easy to sling stones at
  Panes and smash them all to bits.

Thus you saw him,—what! you faced him?
  Has the missal of his love
Burned eyes never,—nay, friend, you must
  Seek in other isles your trove.

Thus I saw He passed the window
  Your rude bricks had broken down;
Looked and saw one meekly kneeling
  Straight before His man John Brown.

There I saw, when passed the Shadow,
  Nature glance as she swept by;
Mark her son a dark soul teaching
  From the Book that scorns a lie.

There she heard her tongue's directness
  Follow Truth with such a tone,
Wisdom spake she never taught him,
  Love received eyes,—not her own.

As for our friend more majestic,
Bird of larger plumage, bulk;
Only wits might fancy eagles
Live on crags the more to sulk.

O, you kneeler by the grave there,
Muttering your prayer,—forgive;
What I wonder is the angels
Let you rise at all and live.

Think ye that your claim of Jesus
Thus has grown,—even to this;
We must mumble, or be silent,
Or betray Him with a kiss?

You a poet,—thank your God, sir,
You have breath to sing in church;
Where we'll trust Christ now forgives you,
Trying to voice Love from your perch.

Ha, what's that, the knight Charles Kingsley
Stammered amen to your prayer?
This at least is his to credit,
Death, the Healer, was not there.

Well, it was his heart that burned him;
All know that same subtle sting,
When we hear a troop of angels
Quiring,—but outside our ring.

Grant he was,—soft,—under heaven,
God,—the very God,—in flesh;
Doth He know naught how Life led you
Straight to truth there in your mesh?

Time and Space He gave; the Present
Is the one Form Life commands;
Past recedes upon a mirror;
Future rests beneath His hands.

If we mumble,—we betray Him;
Stand with mute lips,—where's Truth's flame?
If we sing,—souls not in concert,—
We do worse,—blaspheme the Name.

"Judge not,"—ever more that trumpet
Blows down the four winds of heaven:
Only that reveals aught to us
Which each bares of Spirit's leaven.

Woe to him,—whence come offences;
Ah, the host there, see, they come:
Who helps man to storm that mountain,
Thrice to him woe standing dumb.

Peace then to your word *forgiveness*,
When Love's flower souls impart;
Christ is gracious in receiving,
Though the gift break Earth's old heart.

A DREAM AND A ROMANCE

The half of Life's a sleep; the half indeed!
We oft but wake to ope dull eyes
On one long winter, one slow flowerless frost;
Adding our nothings to the rise
Of hour after hour as it flies;
Leaving no stamp of spirit embossed,
Serving what now shall barely feed
The hunger of the winds with seed,
Dead as Earth's coal-dust tossed.

Still yonder slab of coal has strange records,
Children of worlds, which long ago
Blossomed; forms visioned through some forest fern's
Impression on the page we know,
And now can track like a hunter through the snow,
Pursue our game through all its turns
To the hushed lair. What of the swards
Where dreams are patened? Who through the chords
Of Echo Truth discerns?

What of our dreams? Like ghosts they rise and pass,
Babbling of days and friends gone by,
Blurred, evanescent, if they tell us aught,
That topsy-turvy we descry,
We shrug our shoulders, drop them with a sigh
Soul thus in Sleep's net should be caught,

Capped with the ears of Bottonis ass,
Minds turned out like old Dobbins to grass,
And we Titania's sport.

This at the best,—not all is fairy land,
Sly goblin's coax us, eat us too;
And yet there was a time when saints averred,
In this loose skein our Sleep runs through
Visions of heaven are wafted from the Blue,
How much the mirror's face seems blurred;
Take this for the last that came to hand,
And left me clutching ropes of sand,—
My senses strangely stirred.

I was in Concord when I dreamed this dream
Hard by the house of peace, whence rose
As manly a breath as ever scored a rhyme,
Or moved in steel cut rhythmic prose,
To match therewith the world-mind where it grows;
Once more I gazed into the prime
Of this strong spirit whose great theme
Did much Earth's vision to redeem,
Adding a mountain's climb.

That evening too weary for some outlet
Beyond old walks I ran astray
Into the garden called by some Romance;
Where Truth, robed the Ideal way,
Is wedded to Blossom, like a tree in May,
A tale of love, this time by chance

A masterpiece; and here I met
  The dames Melissa and Margaret,
    My good friends at a glance.

Ah, Dixie's land of chivalry, that woke
  The war-gods of your North and South;
My tale ran off with a prayer in Nature's church,
  The tremble of a childish mouth
Where the mute pines looked sad above Earth's drouth,
  And slow the storm came up to search
All things with lightning; there she broke
  Her heart beneath the thunder's stroke,—
    The maiden mountain birch.

The lady of the hills, scarred it may be,
  But fashioned to an exquisite grace;
Herself a fairy queen she fell to Earth,
  To her fair rival yielding place;
There where white blossoms kiss the young Spring's face,
  Earth's sweet wild-cherry,—a rarer birth;
Two lovers then, with strained hearts free,
  Go forth to sing upon the Tree,
    Life having proved Love's worth.

My prelude's long, but if it make you heed
  "The little Shepherd of,"—well, my tale,
A rare gold nugget will attend your scramble;
  As for myself who hoisted sail
For Dreamland's world of nothings,—Ah, you hail
  The port at last of this preamble,
My Paradise, whereof the seed

I mark and bid you share : indeed !
That is not whither I ramble.

That's just the mystery upon it all ;
Association points to a scene
Of tender imagery, a banquet rare
With gods quaffing the Hippocrene ;
Among the flowery wraiths that float serene
Thus tendrils up the milky stair :
Not so ; for when I face Sleep's wall,
Climb it, I somehow stumble, fall,—
Permit me show you where.

I slept and folded round my waking sense
Loomed gently as the fall of snow,
A palace shall I say, or rather a kind
Of glittering seraglio,
Heavy with aromatic scents and slow
Soft Lydian cadences entwined,
A magical efflorescence,
Steeping the soul at soul's expense,
A drug upon the mind.

An Oriental divan,—consciousness
Surcharged with the magnetic flesh
Which feline-fashion in its cushion soft
Settles, the tame birds in a mesh,
Oblivious of the Daylight, all the fresh
Breeze of an April down the croft ;
Somewhat removed from where I press
Straight to the heart's voluptuousness,
The Syren of that loft.

Beauty,—is it mere Beauty this I see
  Veiling its candour with the thin
Glamour of gauze, Beauty beneath a glass,
  With all the Lillith mouth let in,
Which spurs you on to wrestle for and win:
  Beauty that will not let you pass
In your alert centrality,
  But takes you up, or tumbled me
    To grope for it in the grass?

Who was the Circe? Ah, I just recall,—
  Or was it a sister long ago,—
Someone I played with, laughed with, ay, kissed too,
  Such is the way Earth's playmates grow,
Dip like the birds and peck beneath the snow;
  And since we parted Dame gossip threw
Me back someone tossed up a ball
  Wildly, played with it, let it fall,
    But where, that beats my view.

But this was rather oddly, so it seemed,
  The one round whom no memory rings;
However that altered by no whit my gaze
  Of fascination on those wings
Of the honied sense seeking the bubbling springs
  Which drew them onward through the haze:
Ha! is this what our poet dreamed,
  The Power mesmerical which streamed,
    And covered with golden rays?

At least it fluttered the moth where flame's jet—is,
  Opened until it shut all there;

Whether I moved the first or a woman's breast
  Closed with the uncoiled clasp of hair
The creature throbbing sense could so lay bare,
  That the dream-father sure knows best,
Suffice it I had found the kiss,
  All may salute as Earth's crowned bliss
    Who know not where Love blessed.

I ask your generous patience,—one word more,—
  I cannot leave you on the verge
Of shelving waters, for truth's sake I must add
  Just when all seemed to swim and merge
Drowned in those wells, pricked as it were by the surge
  Of sweets tumultuous I now had,
Stung from that ocean without shore,
  I woke,—and the first sound my lips bore
    Was the name of our shepherd lad.

"Open the window, boy"; hush, Robert, I pray;
  This is no dream-drift fancy wove,
But Life plucked out of the harvest Nature stacked,—
  Surely the kind of treasure-trove
You loved to play with, bear off to your grove,
  Fusing the rarer ore from fact:
Thus would I smelt it, if I may,
  Till Spirit rush forth out of clay,
    The kernel safe unpacked.

A dear wise soul once ventured all the world
  Are poets in their dreams: ah, no;
If on Life's web Earth fail to weave romance,
  I hardly think that Sleep's dumb show

Will help her stiff old joints at last to go
  And mate the Muses where they dance,—
Wing forth some Ariel unfurled,
  Queen of the puppets she has twirled
    Or which her dreams make prance.

Poets we scarce can be how oft we meet
  Sages and motley in our wood;
They are but figures loaned to strut the stage,
  Which move to strings beyond our rood,
Or rather much contribute to their mood;
  Ay, though the mimic our wits engage,
'Tis but a Show this strange retreat
  Set to an unknown Manager's beat;
    We are mere birds in a cage.

Ah, but there's Thoreau's fancy, in our dreams,
  Those magic isles, the Atlantides,
We sound the very deepest we possess,
  The soft-veiled far-off being he sees
The most profound of Life's affinities;
  As a music which doth most address
Our soul's unsounded bottom seems
  To pass from a foreign country's streams,
    A stranger there to bless.

A truth no doubt the thought may well connote,
  But less than half the Truth complete:
The majesty your artist wakes to eyes,
  The passion a Bach rolls to our feet
May strike us first as from heaven's own retreat;
  But mark,—how grand the initial surprise,

We do not feel it a thing remote,
  Rather ourselves,—the old dust coat
    Shuffled off as we rise.

What is most deep in this old womb of Time,
  If we can bare it to the bone,
Comes from no Dreamland to a race of clods,
  But as the mirror where we are shown,
Are most apprised of what is most our own,
  Our substance; raised from a Life that nods,
We see at last how through the rime
  Of circumstance all men may climb
    And share the board of gods.

"We are the stuff of dreams." It may be, yes:
  All mark the weight those words have stored:
Howbeit there is withal an inclined plane,
  Which, as we catch the fuller chord,
Breaking up airs we loved on the vale's sward,
  Rings to all questions that remain,—
"*Not through our Sleep comes blessedness;*
  He sees most what Earth's peers possess
    Who grasps Truth in the sane."

"Enough of prose,—come, sir, your moral, quick;
  How with this dream does all agree?"
What but the old one we have a soul to wake,
  Work till it stands where all should be,
The land of Kingdom Come, where are the free,
  Where the Shepherd was going we did break

As bread on lips when Sleep's soiled wick
  Went out in a flare, and we gave a kick
    At her receding cake!

And, since the Ideal is Soul's one outlet,
  Rather than all volcanic shoots
Sleep now and then may pop up from her shell,
  I still must hope less mundane roots
May yield a taste of finer garden fruits;
  Permit me join and kneel to,—well,
Melissa, say, or Margaret,
  Take the kiss where Love's eyes have met;
    All sound at heart as a bell,

A WORD WITH THE GHOST OF MAJOR PITCAIRN

"The story is told whenever mention is made of Wright's Tavern that Major Pitcairn, while stirring his toddy with his fingers, on that eventful 19th of April, boasted to the men about him: 'In this way we will stir the blood of the damn rebels before night.'"—*Tourist's Guide to Concord.*

Ah, Major, is that you again?
I'm not surprised you haunt this house;
Finding yourself so restless when
You thus are played with by all men
As cats play with a mouse.

Well, here from English soil I am
Precisely in the tavern where,
Drinking that toddy, you rolled your damn
Against the hope of Uncle Sam,
Whose fry you hoped to spear.

And you, dear sir, have grown to-day
The wicked genius of the Spot;
Or rather its pinch of salt,—your bray
Has echoed far, and means to stay,
Fresh brewed,—such is your lot.

You stirred that punch to some effect
If out of it, like a Gin unfurled,
That whiff of grapeshot was unnecked,
Which one of *their* own heralds elect
Followed, ay, round the world.

Frankly you do not care,—I must;
Though you have Falstaff all the day,
Please to remember we've the dust
You raised with your heroic gust,
Before you ran away.

That boast of yours. Ah! first of all,
It's not real English; does *that* stick?
If we walk big, we don't talk tall;
At least all such as talk at all
With flame-jets to their wick.

We are a dumb race, he well said,
Who trailed your smoke to far Japan;
Somehow this barking, fogs ahead,
Comes back to the barker with a dead
Dull sound,—a flash in the pan.

Ay, brave men dared it. Take Van Tromp;
Who swore he'd sweep up all our main;
But none the less he swallowed a lump
He could not stomach for all his stump;
It choked him, to be plain.

Then there was Nap's—rubbing hands keen,—
"I have these English devils at last";
But was he brave,—he may have been;
At least he lived on bulletin,
And with them lined his fast.

If we must boast with Drakes of old,
Who swore they'd singe the Spaniard's beard,
Let us at least draw blades as cold,
Have a warrant as clear that we just hold
A whale already speared.

And even then, with all they did,—
It scarce goes down,—it turns the cream:
Give me the smile of Devon's Jan Ridd,
Who gave the deuce odds, ere he bid
For life with his own steam.

And much I like old Luther's slap
Straight into all Earth's Mamelukes;
Who swore, despite the devil's own pap,
He'd pour the milk from his own tap,
Though all roofs rained Grand-dukes.

Or best of all Life's truth to rake
Was the boast of that Spirit's flame,
Who vouched his torch there at the stake
Such a candle in England would awake
None should put out the same.

Ah, well, dear Major, 'twas your jest;
  You are more sinned against than sinning:
And it must not be here suppressed
  England is scarce seen at her best,
    When you rolled her ball spinning.

Somehow your betters played the fool,—
  The itch is catching to your beak;
We cannot drub a king to school,
  And so we pinion his poor fool,
    And call it his damned cheek.

As for our cousins, if we hold
  The good handshake where Duty calls,
We've quite enough to save from cold;
  Time will I doubt not cover your mould
    With one of his best shawls.

At least this Tavern's sacred spot
  Can hardly live endowed for ever!
That I of yours will lose its dot;
  You with no such forget-me-not
    From all Earth's pricks will sever.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

He was a Spirit whose earth-mould
  Ran to a grain so fine,
He seemed scarce native to the fold
  That bared the pure design.

And when he vanished thence one day
  To his peculiar sphere;
That he was lost you scarce can say,
  Who never quite was here.

Down the hushed valley heaven's own dew
  In the Day's eyelids shone;
The sun broke clear, the sky flashed blue,
  But the white mist was gone.

BOSTON ART MUSEUM

The Slave-ship,—"Turner,"—there the marvel glows,
As much a thing throbbing alive
As when it flashed through Colour's waking throes
A sea and sky, whose interflows
E'en this hand never again could quite contrive
Thus matchless to compose.

Nay, was it ever before as thus allowed
That Art should so accomplish this
Wonder of fusion,—where heaven's sunset shroud
Over a tragic death-bed bowed,—
This billowed sky, this huddled sea that flies
As volatile as cloud?

Mark well the lightness of those purple plumes
Waved o'er the cross-trees,—how the sun's
Sheer whiteness at the heart of all those blooms
Sweeps the horizon from these tombs;
How the mad flame-jets of the ocean tons
Flicker on the shore's glooms.

Nay, by the side of this prodigious piece
Even our famous requiem
Of the old "Temeraire" Earth's sunset frees

Might dawn on us as less at ease,
Less of a flower's bare life-drop on the stem
Than this,—Nature's release.

For once the Imagination wholly fused
With Nature crowns man's Art supreme;
Trumpet thy bravest, O, thou much abused
John Ruskin, here all is excused;
All thy excess shall fall behind this dream;
So at first sight I mused.

How was it when I stared once more to-day
I could not take that peerlessness
Without a somewhat there to bar the way;
An ecstasy that marked decay,
Almost a disenchantment I confess,
That stung me with dismay.

Now this time, as it chanced, before my friends
Rembrandt, Van Dyke and Veronese
I faced the antique sculpture's odds and ends,
Seeking to offer my amends
For a late visit to the gods of Greece,
And all her Art defends.

Was it that Hermes somehow did obtrude
With his Olympian repose,
Or those Ideals of earth's womanhood
Shut, as it were, from all she could,—
The harmony your classic master throws
O'er Life's Promethean mood?

Mens sana,—the virile intelligence
Delivered by Art's consummate whole;
However the creation strike our sense
With power Titanic, an intense
Upheaval of the energies of soul,
One action doth condense;

There's still, we feel it at the marvel's root,
A reason calm that sublimates
All to pure laws of Beauty, Spirit's fruit;
Behind the master's discords, mute,
Behind King Lear's rage, behind hell's gates,
One Lord sits absolute.

But here as though half crazy with the wine
Of Colour's emanation glassed,
The painter crowds his harpies of the brine
Into the very foreground's line;
The Bacchic frenzy which devoured at last
Already we divine.

If there's a feeling for the human breath
Choked in that terror round it thrown,
Rather we look for it in Nature's wreath
Disflowered by chance on all beneath;
The heart of genius here revels alone
In the sepulchre of Death.

No, give me back the old ship "Temeraire"
Tugged to her last berth after all;
Beside this canopy's dishevelled hair

Her cooler evening sky may wear
Some touch of staid old age for coronal,
But England's heart lies there.

Which of the other glories I like best
You ask as our young folk might do;
I'll snatch out four and lock them in my chest,
Yielding most handsomely the rest
For Boston's eyes to jump at or eschew,
Still most divinely blessed.

First, then, that Justice of old Veronese,
A jewel portable for size,—
Juicy with pulp of grape-juice ripe to squeeze,
Marked with his most astounding ease,—
Signed, too, as though it burned even his eyes,
And brought him to his knees.

A Whistler next for contrast—say, yon fair
Rose of Lyme Regis, mint of gold
That tempts an eager market anywhere;
No, I think not—with all her air,
Those soft clasped hands of hers are, I'll be bold,
Not quite the damsel's pair.

Another dive then, ah, there is that sweet
Princess so like Papa Corot,
And for that very reason not a bit
Like the poor maiden who did meet
Such usage sore from Love's hands long ago,
Such bitter herbs did eat.

Smile on Ophelia,—though I love much
  Your father, no, for mere love's sake
I'll use this one amazing chance and clutch
  A genuine Alfred Stevens, such
A drawing of hair, a woman's soul awake,
  I hardly dare to touch.

Next, ay, where honest Francois Millet shows
  His mother by the rude barn shed;
He loved the old dame well all the world knows;
  And a good pair, my thefts to close,
That head of Rembrandt's father, a strong head,
  We'll trust it was *his* nose!

Good heavens, how long it takes to choose such things;
  No, dear, they cannot well be missed;
With Rembrandt's bravest still for Boston's kings;
  And Turner's wild imaginings,
Van Dykes, Corots, Millets, run down the list,—
  But O, where *are* my wings?

A BUST OF APHRODITE

(Boston Museum of Fine Arts)

School of Praxiteles

PERFECT charm and perfect grace
Flower as one through this rare face;
But something more grows on it too
Which does not all that charm renew.
A subtle thing it is, no doubt,
That takes my words and blows them out;
Something that half lifts up a latch,
Then vaults aside when you would snatch:
At first I thought it was a smile
Of innocence,—and paused awhile;
But no, the more I gazed upon it,
The more I heard,—"That's not my bonnet!"
What is it? You who gaze so young,
Surely no ill from you has sprung;
This iridescence which looks up
So calmly there from Nature's cup;
This bubble of laughter on the brim
Of a life that dares and means to swim;
This peaceful self-contentedness
Over some things which to express
Quite openly is not your way:

All this in turn I've tried to say,
And then stop short; no, I am like
One who is pulled in by some pike,
When all his wish was but to winnow
The shallows for some dainty minnow.
Once more I venture; no,—what evades
Can hardly be the smile of maids;
The thing that lurks on those soft lips
Adds whisper of a bee that sips
From honied fragrance of the clover,
Bare to each flashing insect rover,
Rather than the white flower's gold
Daring the sunbeams take the fold;
And yet you are so young and sweet;
Again I pause,—admit defeat.
O maiden, woman, whichever you are,
I search your eyes for the pole-star
Whither you sail through all the world,
You and the haven in your furled,
And strike upon the marble bare
Which only mocks me as I stare:
An oval's mask, a flowerless bank,
Which gives me nothing save a blank:
Well, I was never one to shrive,
You are at least almost alive,
Whereon the more I gaze I meet
The imperturbably complete.
So much you are this I must wonder
Whether I do not wholly blunder;
E'en if your eyeballs found God's light
No answer would recover my sight;

Simply I should observe the same
Deaf to the meaning of my aim;
What would it matter to you, this ball
I tossed in the air; you are no thrall
To such late polyphones of sense,
That trumpet forth their "Whither," "Whence:"
If such you heard from any bore
Fast you would fly with doves, a score,
To Paphos isle, your peaceful nest,
With not one thought more of the pest:
How oft you did that when a queen,
And here when Spring peeps strangely in,—
Ay, that is what I think you'd do
If some mad poet bothered you,—
Trying to drink out of your bowl
Wine that was brewed for poor king Cole!
Yes,—but you are so young,—that Grace
Over your hair, and all your face!
How beautiful that hair, it is;
How exquisite the symmetries
Of hue which melt the moulding line
Of marble there and soft entwine.
Well, I must plunge now you are gone;
And as I look up to the sun,
Methinks I'll call that look the breath
Of equipollent life beneath,
Wherein you never could even guess
The awful gaze of wistfulness:
Ay, that must solve all riddles for me;
The Hellenes named you froth of the sea
And thought you rose up with a force

As fresh and lovely as your source,
But elemental as the Ocean
That set you free,—a thing in motion,—
The pearl-drop counterfeit that hid
All the Sire's life beneath fair lid;
Untamed as his own forest's fire
With irresistible desire;
With Laughter's myriad-beaded smile
To veil those founts,—with subtle guile:
Hardly a Greek Princess, though sweet,
Is that your own Greek counterfeit;
No,—you were first reborn, renamed,
Ere your deeds through the world were famed;
Ere Helen lost her name for you,
And Phedra lost her reason too;
The Greek that's all sound Greek at heart
Stands there before me throned in Art;
The eyes that pointed over the sea
Are Syrian,—and dead to me:
Only so far as you wax blind
Are you the product of the mind
We still infallibly possess
From Homer's world of spaciousness:
Ay, goddess, you who once were young
Moving Earth's children all among,
Your reign is past,—however bold,—
You are discrowned in Spirit's fold:
Ay, you may wander, seem to live
In palaces of ease, that give
A throbbing welcome to those eyes,
But you must walk there in disguise;

How much Life still may be your sport,
Fighting for favours that are bought,
All the world over and over where
Concupiscent Passion is laid bare
Under high altars whose live fuel
Burns to one dead grey ash Love's jewel,
The Athens of Minerva's seed
Has turned with loathing from your greed;
Love's temple in the public place
Only preserves the Greek,—your grace:
All that is left of the complete
That it was yours to counterfeit,
As through this miracle of Art,
We treasure,—must do,—at the heart:
Your Empire was a passing show;
However we cling to it we know
It is not ours or theirs by right
Who would be children of the Light.
Quite other gods endowed you with
The Beauty that reveals your myth;
Who strive to wield Orion's sword
Flash out the radiating word
Other than that which strove to sing
Your Deity,—and bared your sting;
Who wakes the god's, Apollo's lyre,
Is burned thereby of all Desire;
And, Love, the goddess, standing clear
Of all that drives Earth from her sphere,
The visioned smile of heaven is known,
Vice-regent to the Highest throne.

PARISH NEWS

WHAT's the day's dying news,—your Parish News,—
The juice of it, Tahatawan?
Culled from old mother Goosebird's evening cackle,—
That Bird which never charmed your muse;
No,—rather when her pipes began,—
If you just happened to be near,
You heard her as you used to hear
The bull-frog's stony-chested crackle
After the blue-bird's most mellifluous note;
Or in your tent of nights the rustling clan
Of dark-plumed leaves that wave and float
Ghost-like beyond you,—ay, this strain
The busy world pours out in flood profuse
And most premeditated vein;
The valley's answer to the mountain's views;
Satiety's dull antidote.

So Princess Alice,—not *our* loved Princess,—
Is married to-morrow,—ah, poor dear,—
Gossip already has clutched at her glass slippers,
And looks like tearing her white dress;
Five times the Princess boxed his ear!
What mother Goose-talk to be sure,—
May Love look back the more demure
From all that never thus shall slip us!

Good heavens, what's this too for a crop
  Fished from Queen Sheba's toilet? No, I fear,
Such marvels bring my besom to full-stop;
  It would be too much of a load
To sweep off all that milliner-dream's excess
  Dame Alice packs along her road:
I look for more,—if also somewhat less,—
  To work up in my shop.

What then of this for Love's ideal romance,—
  No grapes of Tantalus lurk here;
Prince Bismark's cousin; ah,—great nephew is it?
  Some baron or other spoils his chance
Of being a Bismark,—nay, I fear,
  Even a German,—bluntly ends
Diplomacy and all her thousand friends
  In far Japan,—*she* comes to visit,—
Ay, she, the widowed paragon he wives,—
  Chicago's belle,—who christens him the dear
Boy of her motherland,—where he survives
  All loss to worship heaven's star
There in that haven,—the inheritance
  Tucked quiet aloof in Florida;
The very Paradise for Love's expanse
  Now the fair Queen arrives.

What still all cold! Where *do* you hope to sup?
  You are a Stoic. Possibly.
Though for such sampled wines most grateful
  I must prefer with my own cup

To scoop for what refreshes me.
Ha,—look at this now,—here's no stage,—
No melodramatic touch to assuage
The gorge that will have a whole plateful,—
Just a cadet, named Wilde, from smart West Point
Gets flung from horseback,—kicked you see,—
Leg fractured, ankle out of joint;
After that muddle gets retwisted straight,
Pasted together, finds, the poor dog pup,
Leg short by a couple of inches. Fate.
Doctors stare gravely knowing his time is up
Of service at West Point.

What,—gone to the bottom all,—all my career,—
Stammers our lad,—face turning white,—
Nought to be done? Doctors nod to him sadly,
One thing alone remains, they fear,—
A terrible operation,—might,—
With the permitted martyrdom
Of full two months,—"Come, doctors, come,—
To your pounders straight," says he, "I'll gladly
Worry it through." By God, he did, the boy;
Lay there a statue stretched his two months quite,
Gasping beneath the insidious toy
They crushed upon the shrivelled bone,
Driving forth Nature. With an awful fear
He stands upright at last. Has the limb grown?
Both now exactly the same length appear:
Wilde jumps in the air for joy.

THE PAINTER AND THE SQUIRREL

All the world looked dull to-day
When the painter eyed his task;
Clouds for once had all their way,
Buried Phoebus in a mask:
Boles of firs no longer flashed
Rainbow tints with browns and duns,
Winter's leaves no longer splashed
Glory borrowed from the sun's;
Glints not one there; mother Earth
Peevish waved goodbye to mirth.

What,—no Colour,—all quite bare;
Not so fast,—she is a maid
Who loves shyly unaware
To peep from the gentler shade:
See that Rock's face,—Light's own flint,—
When the sun flashed hues entwined
Splendour drank up; many a tint
Vanished from the Dark behind.
Skies turned sullen; then appeared
Sheen unknown when diamonds cleared.

Leaves hang dead,—Earth's but a mould,—
Nay, the very pines look sad;
But this rock, though hard and old,
Gleams as if it were quite glad

Now and then the world should see
How the radiance it wears
Droops not thus with Nature's glee,
Giving voice when Dullness stares.
So the painter thought at least
When what happened after,—ceased.

What,—another marvel here!
Ah,—my good friend,—use your eyes,
What is Nature year by year
But the infinite surprise;
Spirit gleaning straight from her
Symbols to our heart addressed;
Add but Love the interpreter,
Swift she soars back to her nest.
Stay,—forgive me all too slow
In my answer to your O.

Nought of wonder after all;
Just a squirrel pert up-leaped
From the far side, a gray ball
Flung to the bare top whence it peeped
Gay a moment or two for sport,
Nibbling,—*good heavens, but that must be*
One of Earth's wild monster sort;
Quick he's off with a bound to the tree,
Four feet good like an arrow of light,
Up to the pine-cones,—lost to sight.

Life and Beauty there Love saw
Poised a moment o'er the spot

Where eyes lost the man they bore,
  But the Master's soul was not;
All unconscious Nature gave
  Kiss accordant to the hues
Rock's worn visage,—Colour's brave,—
  Flashed to neighbours in the blues.
Though the Days he left are dull
  Life is still the bountiful.

Beauty,—ah,—not all may bring
  Sweet and fresh in curve and line
As yon creature's dainty spring
  Up the ladder of the pine;
But Life's bounty,—conscious Life,—
  Sphered in Love's illumined glance,
Stains we caught from weathered strife,
  There the least is given a chance:
Ay, dear squirrel, still asleep
  Nature forth from you doth leap.

Thus you mark then the rock's face
  Beating up through wrack of clouds,
Loveliness the storm's hands chase,
  Jewels which the Darkness shrouds;
Fairer far than the first kiss
  Nature gives her undefiled;
Flower of all that Soul's wealth is
  Breaking through God's elder child.
Fold but blossoms out of fold,
  When Earth's dead leaves bite the mould.

TO A FRIEND

(A DIAMOND NECKLACE RESTRUNG)

I TAKE your letter to this hill
That overlooks the sunset sea;
The crickets chirp; but, ah, how still
Earth's silence here and free.

You are as one, my friend, I was
Always predestinate to cross;
An elder sister,—let it pass,—
I cannot think your loss.

Also somehow I think of you
As Woman with her capital:
I have not wandered far,—and few
Have found my cabin at all.

You are the lunar influence
That guards my own abyss of Night;
By the moon's sheen, her real Presence,
We gauge her mountain's height.

Like her you do reflect the sun
The better to enlarge your grace;
That owls and bats which your Lord shun
May with the Light embrace.

TO A FRIEND

My life is mean beyond compare
  When I think all that it might be;
Yet hour by hour I'm lifted where
  Nothing seems outside me.

Thus would I ever with you deal,
  Though awful things you make me dare;
You do not lie, you do not steal;
  Such virtues are most rare.

Yes, I am almost half afraid
  Still further your dear words to count;
So steep each word the life has made
  Which fronts me,—to surmount.

And yet,—why should I? I have read
  Your letter,—still not reading it;
Much as a flower mocks its bed,—
  I looked,—the place was lit.

For two whole years you gave to me
  Just the same gift you give me now;
Once more I thank you,—can there be
  Aught greater to bestow?

That you have griefs but makes me glad,
  I find therein a rare relief;
Cheap joys,—that is what makes me sad,—
  I glory in your grief.

TO A FRIEND

I joy to think you elevate
  Your own pure life with many a doubt;
It is the faith that cannot wait
  Which puts all clear Light out.

I joy to think you,—not too near;
  Held from the Little that denudes:
Earth grows, when Friendship, shining clear,
  Marks a soul's altitudes.

Good-bye, dear friend. Do not forget
  The joy your letter gave to me;
Has aught I write here shown it yet?
  What a joy that would be!

Farewell. And always on this Earth
  Let me with your own best thoughts rise;
My love to him whose sovereign worth
  I slowly recognise.

A WORD WITH THOREAU IN HIS RETIREMENT

Now you have leaped over the wall
That hems in our suburban house;
Have crept from Nature's banquet hall
Wherein you roved the sacred mouse;

What is your faring? What the mask
That meets you, ay, beyond the hill?
Come, friend, it is not much I ask;
A hint, no more; and I am still.

Is it as Yogin you are crowned,
On supermundane Kusá grassed?
Cradled in Brahma's soundless sound,
The tortoise in its shell at last?

All transience for ever shed
From eyes glued fast to nasal line;
All joy and sorrow done with, fled,—
The One deep passionless Divine.

Or have you clasped the Whole you missed,
Or thought you seemed to miss on Earth;
Friendships that through the flower persist
Fuller the more you probe their worth.

A WORD WITH THOREAU

Societies that ever enlarge
The boundaries of love, and flow
In gracious billows o'er the marge
We strain and strain for, and let go.

Is all the old heart still alight
For e'en the humblest of Earth's fruits?
You who once fancied that you might
Quicken among the willow's roots.

Ah, is your voice like Dante's friend's
With absence long too hoarse and weak?
Well, here my meditation ends,
And yet what worlds I have to speak.

No, I hear nothing,—not one word;
In vain I fumble with the latch;
Whatever the lilies may have heard
I fail with all my zeal to catch.

Or if I hear aught back, it is
The echo faint from your last chime;
Who loved so much God's silences
You answered, "One world at a time."

Thoreau, as I walked out to-day
With wonder through your Walden trees,
I seemed to mark you in the way
Where danced the white anemones.

A MODERN DISCIPLE OF THOREAU

A ROUGH log-hut,—a stone-wall's grate
Beans and potatoes to engirth;
Such is the house John Shea's pate
Calls beautiful on Earth.

No, you must daub a larger brush,
For there's that ceiling's blue above;
The woodland background, strip of bush,
Where Nature folds her glove.

However you paint him there he lives,
Or tries to live if you prefer;
The spice of Boston's news,—that gives
To-day's its sparkle, sir.

Boston may chatter through her fêtes
A hundred thousand gosling words,
He hears the Winds of Autumn's waits;
Spring comes back with the birds.

Ay, John, you once helped Uncle Sam
To strike his blow for Liberty;
Now it's your turn behind your dam
To say,—Thank God, I'm free!

Quite possibly if you are wise
In all the tunes of running brooks;
Yes,—it may be that even your eyes
O'errun the eyes of books.

What fellows at least you somehow choose
For Boston's chirp to make amends;
With Walt and Will to light your fuse
And snuff your candle-ends.

That touch of humour finds me too;
That you should cry to earn your pence
Precisely the same Journal brew
Which means so much lost cents.

I wish that I could pass your way
The Indian who is your real Chief;
I've no address,—must leave to-day
New England to my grief.

Ten barrels now of Thoreau's malt
To stow in your proud cellarage;
That should indeed mellow in salt
Olives of endless age.

I quite agree with your lament
Much of the chit-chat flung about
But little music doth present;
Still I've a woman's doubt.

The truth is we have bairns and wives,
Who stick like limpets to our shell;
We cannot all live in strange hives,
Perhaps it's just as well.

Good-bye, John, with your wholesome sense,—
Ah, much I'd like a visit to pay;
At least I'll wish you over your fence
All good luck any way.

THE GRAMOPHONE

The Gramophone! Alas! to think Earth dares
Thus repossess herself of that which is
Spirit's most gracious breath upon heaven's stairs,
The purest fragrance of Love's ecstasies;
I speak of Music, not of any chance
Confusion of the soul's inheritance
With what salutes her through an angel's kiss.

To repossess herself, not shrined aloof
Within the casket of the holy script
Whereon the master wrote for our behoof,
To be recovered by who most worshipped,
That mask of notes all mute to Earth's regard,—
Who most was skilled to unlock the entry barred,
And bare the lustre all with flamejets tipped.

Not thus indeed,—but verily as though
The Spirit of man pulsing through violins
And flutes and trumpets could retain its glow
Apart from all that most the glory wins,
The fellow-human touch of hearts and hands,
The living soul that all that touch commands,—
As though we could unpack it out of bins!

THE GRAMOPHONE

I speak not of the voice,—the throbbing voice
  Of man and woman floating free in song,—
The rapture which makes heavy hearts rejoice,
  The breaking tones which to our griefs belong:
Think ye without the vision of human eyes
Earth ever shall retake her starry prize,—
  The wonder of the world,—the all-hushed throng?

Why not indeed? What bars the usufruct?
  Shall Science fail in miracles alone?
See, here's an instrument whose heart has plucked
  The choir of jubilant seraphs from their throne;
Behold the flower bare without a stain,
Fresh from the head of Vulcan born again,—
  Hear Science sing when all the birds have flown.

Well, I have heard and marvelled as I stood
  Beside New York's ear-trumpet in a shop;
A snakelike hiss steals slowly from its hood,
  Then burning crackles grow,—last a fair crop
Of weird unearthly noises, some fellow bawls
Most foolish ditties from hushed music halls;
  Heaven stares aghast at Earth's new humming top.

The piano pipes on ghostlike,—far away,
  Thin, very thin; an old maid in distress;
Or if your orchestra begins to bray
  It is the bulls of Bashan you possess,
Whose elephantine teeth are rushed through combs;
Thank heaven, the strings are still the stay-at-homes,—
  It cannot maul them with the least caress.

Such was my fancy two short months ago
  Ere I was carried to the far-off West;
Where all the orchestra our neighbours know
  Is that of Nature's organ pipes addressed
To lake and poplar wood, or leagues of plain
Ploughed by man's tooth and watered by the rain
  And snows of heaven close to its bosom pressed.

Here in a settler's homestead, hedged by bluffs,
  That frayed the golden stubble fields of grain,
I loitered on with Autumn's last stray choughs
  That still dared breast rough Winter's counterpane;
No orchestra of London or Berlin
To let the music of the spheres rush in,
  And here I faced the Gorgon's eye again.

I heard him and I mocked; but there was one,
  A stalwart youth who worked on that same farm
And rose betimes to threshing,—the stout son
  Of our good hostess,—well, this was the balm
Of his day's labour, so far as I could see,—
The only balm that quite victoriously
  Sang through his days a sort of mason's psalm.

It pleased them all no doubt; they liked to hear
  The thundering marches and the merry jokes;
But this lad,—well, he answered with a cheer
  That leaped beyond them; like still wiser folks
He took Art seriously as fresh youth can;
To him it flashed the very Apollo, Pan,—
  The Muses all,—and now our cheer invokes.

Ah, Harry, boy,—I think I see you yet
  Within the dining-parlour where you wound
The wheels that gave the Muses their outlet;
  Alone you sat beside the car you found,
Your rough face quite transfigured as you drew
Your nectar of Parnassus; caught the dew
  Of Hermon as it rushed on waves of sound.

O, what a change is that from every day's
  Lean pressure as the mountain heads uncover
Their breathless wonder in the glow that stays
  A memory for you,—the wistful lover!
What mattered it the Song fell somewhat short
Of much, nay, all Love's angels brought
  When Earth smiled sweetest on the stars above her.

The soul of Music touched you. Had I then
  Been dreaming while your senses more aware,
Wiser in this than Art's proud upper Ten,
  Caught through the mists my dulness failed to scare
Hints of the vital sap that shaped Beethoven
Into a core of flame with tongues uncloven:
  Was there then nought for my cloyed taste to share?

Hark! but the wood rings sweet; your tenor sings
  Clearly and true from Bishop's old quartette;
Ay, that's the Troubadour; how the march swings
  Crisply to time like grenadiers well set;
The brass is there,—the better shall we say,
Or fainter, for their trembling house of clay,—
  The weather's cold,—nay, but we must not fret!

My violins, where are they? O, my friend,
What if their silence adds a lesson too,—
The greatest of all lessons in the end,
The thing only the noblest art can do,
Whisper, I mean, that when we fashion our best,
Sing from the heart our sweetest, manliest,
Wed all to the instrument that lets most through,—

Ay, when the illumined heart of man leaps up,
The soul that is Earth's spirit self crushed pure,
Sings the quintessence, seems to quaff the cup
Of heaven above it, hold the same secure;
'Tis but the echo of the choir intense
That beats beyond us from yet finer sense
Nearer to that which shall with Love endure.

Earth has her Jenny's voice, her violins,
And Science stammers through her gramophone;
What viol, I wonder, even now begins
To break more lustrous high in heaven's veiled zones,
The birth of Spirit's growth we cannot gauge,
Can only dream that in some far off cage,
Birds may have songs that much excel our own.

And Freda too,—the fair child with her face,—
So earnest and so wistful,—how shall we
Forget the awe with which she followed that race
Of New York's airship rushing over sea
Round the great world in just nine headlong minutes,
Mocking the flight of Nature's larks and linnets,
But gaining what indeed from three times three!

"*Hail, smiling morn—hail, hail, hail, smiling morn*
That tips the hills with gold": I wake and hear
The sweet old madrigal ring out its scorn
Against all sloth and darkness, silver clear:
Bravo, old Gramophone, I feel my heart
Flood with the joy we know just by its start,—
The start of Life before Nature's good cheer.

You have your uses as the famed Ysaye;
Who shall decry your gumption, bid you cease
To pour delight into the common day
Of thousands born to labour with less ease,—
Where Canada salutes the rising sun,
Yonder where Saxon heads and hands toil on,
Far from the thunder of our Channel seas.

Nay, but you merit compassion, you've to bear,
Much like our mother, the patient Earth who bore us,
A thousand goose-eggs hatched from Vanity Fair,
The consternation of the stars set o'er us:
Noises that clash with all the Muses bring us,
Follies enough that ever shall enring us,
Until all join, let's hope, Love's amen chorus.

THE DAYBREAK OF THE LILIES

THREE o'clock strikes,—and even now the grey
  Opens wide arms the whole world to receive;
Night entered but to find the churlish Day
  Already plucking her sleeve.

All gone the stars save just a laggard or two
  Drooping their eyelids faint with honied Sleep;
Joining the world asleep beneath the dew,
  Which now begins to leap.

Ha,—there's some cock or other scents the Dawn,
  Like an old bloodhound on the burning trail,—
That's the first croak of some bull-frog reborn
  While heaven's fleet hoist the sail.

And there's a sparrow's cheep,—there's for reply
  First, a seringo,—then a whippoorwill,—
Both from the wood: all's mute now as the sky
  Whose sails flap o'er the hill.

At least the Day's light trims in weight the Dark,—
  Nay,—overweighs it fast,—see,—yon red line
That sudden spurts across the East a spark,—
  There the match goes to mine.

Placid the lake there stretches from the trees,
The soft mist veils as yet some of the face
Which trembles like an aspen to the breeze
Growing with Dawn's embrace.

I look up,—all are vanished; not one star
Cries hail from the lone tower of heaven's keep;
I gaze across the water,—there they are,—
Earth's lilies all asleep.

The sun's crest flames aslant the hillside wood,—
Already pines above us from him start;
Or wait expectant for the rising flood
To melt the cold lake's heart.

See! the king comes,—how mild and gracious too
These spears wherewith the morning opes the flowers;
Only the chaste shall meet heaven's glory through
The Lighting of the hours.

Look! how he lets his soft breath fall upon
Each dreaming Beauty in that jewelled bed,
Till they are roused the maidens,—one by one,—
Wide orbs stare overhead.

Not suddenly, like startled things,—but slow;
One hour of parturition sets all free:
That's Nature's way. Little by little we grow
Bare to her flowered Tree.

A WINTER'S BIRD-NEST

HAVE I seen *it*,—or just seen *him*,
Now great Zeus his egg has cracked,
Stolen the nestling. That seems rather,
After all I've marched through, pored in,
Quite the most astounding fact.

Faced the son who faced the father,
Even bowed to Chelsea's priest;
Saw the grey hat on the peg there,
With the Owner sound beneath it;
You, sir, are alive at least.

What I laugh at to myself is,
Though I scarce have gnawed a bone,
I walk back, like some composer,
With an air that leaps in triplets
Fresh as one from Mendelssohn.

Come, let's see what it amounts to,
This convulsion of the Bird;
As I crept through house he lived in,
With the Master,—where so silent?
To all questions, not a word.

Steady,—here it is, the Sanctum,—
  Was it this that turned my head?
That's the chair he nursed the gods on,
Teaching them to say so grandly
  All Earth much prefers unsaid.

Well,—there's nought now to distract us;
  Poor old chair, your Prince has gone;
Let us peer into those pictures,
Hanging like the wall's own fixtures,
  Grave as mourners every one.

Ha! old Knox, so Thomas thought you,
  You the man,—what,—you that mild;
Well, well,—since your face was pegged there
You have caught,—let me commend you,—
  Somewhat from another child.

There he is who fought your battles;
  Just the face that faced us first,
From the clothes of our Resartus;
Let us hope that all those sad clouds
  Now are shed,—the full Day burst.

What are those three stern Fates spinning?
  Well, I think for one Clotho,
There by Lachesis, looks sleepy;
Where's the use of spinning live threads
  When the spun things move so slow?

Ah,—that is indeed a sad tale;
  Yes, I like your weathered frame,
Resinous of ocean's seaweed;
Quite the fairest pearl I've toused with,
  Stumbling o'er the shoals of Fame.

Did she ask some weeping mermaid,
  She,—his Margaret, beseech,
Down below there,—ere the billows
Wafted her soul from Earth's tempest,
  This at least to let him reach?

Ah,—who knows,—well, there's her picture,
  Scarce one dark jet of the brine;
Cypress, villa as he loved them;
And it cheered the Friend while drinking
  His last drop of Friendship's wine.

Where's his Plato? why this volume
  Might almost have gazed on More;
Ah, Minerva drawls late Latin,
Shrewd Sir Thomas would have mocked her;
  What's that book, though, I just saw?

Why,—it's Jamblichus, the heathen
  Thoreau pitched at me to-day;
Come,—not one note on the margin;
That's enough, then, of these dry leaves;
  Swedenborg,—friend,—snooze away!

Just one bare line,—how you are good;
  E, his hand beyond all doubt;
But it is an old man dreaming
Quite in heaven,—that's where he is,—
  How the date puts his lamp out!

No,—I'm ready,—ah, that elm there
  Beating palm-like into Space;
That's the best thing you e'er did, sir;
Chop all rivals,—bare for symbol
  What the world lost in one Face.

BY EMERSON'S GRAVE

I.

The Beauty of the Pines,
That are the deep tones of the forest masses,
The solemn undulations of the bass,
Whose viols mellow all the adagio's designs,
Making more hallowed the grace and hue that glasses
The tenderest effulgence of heaven's wines.
The Beauty of the Pines,
That in their congregated multitudes
Move ever on and upward row by row,
Armies triumphant o'er the Alpine passes,
Marking the ridges with superb outlines;
Between whose shuddering astonished heads
The Dawn's upheaval intertwines
Wings of the gossamer shotted with silver threads
Or the bare gold leaf streaming forth in floods;
Upon whose standards and uplifted spears
The Evening's resurrection shines
Last of all where the disk of Earth's globe spreads,
Save where the long procession's starward flow
Breaks with its vanguard from the avalanche beds,
Breaks off before the mountain horn that clears
In all its majesty the amplitude of snow
Phœbus incarnadines,
Unsullied as the azure crown he weds;
Where through the Day's and Night's revolving moods

The Earth of Heaven's fullness most divines,
Awake to her in silence, open all eyes and ears;
Where in unfathomable solitudes
The Spirit of the mountain broods,
Untouched by even the pines.

II.

The Beauty of the Rock,
Just as it lies upon the mountain's shoulder,
Unshaped by chisel of man, torn from the cleft it knew,
By nature's own convulsion or the thunder's shock,
With all that on it grew as it waxed older,
Bared to the storms it braved beneath Time's clock.
The Beauty of the Rock,
To which the Autumn rains and the Winter's own
But add more loveliness the while they steep
With Colour's exhalation all that boulder,
Coming to nest there with a dappled flock
Of diamonds, rubies, and many a chrysolite
Diffused upon its face. The Rock
That is so stubborn yet yields a haven of right
But to the meekest of all seedlings sown,—
The lichens and the mosses,—tendrils all,—
Nature's wee bairns. The sacred rock
That stands the symbol of the prophet's sight
Rooted in Earth's foundations, birth of the Deep,
That all who come to rest there, each lone wight,
May thus be carried over Earth's bare wall,
And hear the cry of angels singing from the keep
That flowers above that stock,—
"Come up, come up, young eagles to the Light."

The Liafail of wonder,—the Bethel stone,—
Whence waters flow to who will dare but knock,
Sweet waters in a wilderness,—a waterfall
Of wonder like to that old wonder known
O'er the pillow whence a ladder was thrown
To heaven's gates from a rock.

III.

The patience of the Pine,
The wonder of the Rock,
What more could Love wish for thy resting-place,
Thou manliest of all thy Plutarch's men;
Nay, somewhat more, I wot,
Thou Seer on the spot,
To stand upright and face
With the old confounding kiss
The man Iscariot;
Thou who didst bare to thy own generation
Seeking as ever, and more than ever, a sign,
That same implacable sign
The Hebrews erst did mock,
And the world has ever mocked at with intense
Distaste for the new wine;
Thou who didst set thee the impassive instrument
Of power divine,
Speaking as one who cannot more invent
Than what is now the Real Presence,
That Spirit no words shall ever define,
Albeit Earth see the Light condense,
Gather a blossom to its place,
Sphered through the human lens.

The sweetness of thy Wisdom was so great,
The quietness and confidence of thy estate,
So equable, so hale, so royal and large,
The bustling world still looks on thee askance,
Much as the foolish mark a child,
Naked and unashamed and mild,
Misconstruing thy nonchalance,
Heedless of half the burden of thy charge,
Deeming thee one who never wrestled with rough Fate,
Until the Dagon fell,—
The world that wots not where thy chariot went,
Ere thou within Love's garden wast enisled,
And carried through inviolate,
As many have mounted with a like advance,
Struck on the full sun's targe:
Alas, the world that tolls a passing bell
Has long, I trow, to wait,
Ere she salute the latest under guard of Uriel.
The grave pines whisper o'er thee. It is well;
A rock stands for the bolster of thy bier,
Pointing up skywards to the Clear,
Not flattened as other graves upon the yellows
Of dusty leaves the winds through Autumn's rent
Strew round thee on the dull Earth far and near;
Fruit of lost yesterdays the dying year
Lets fall to be her own irrevocable bier;
That also is as it behoved;
One thing I see not here,—
The Solitude, whence thy own crystal sphere
Moved as a warrior from his tent,
Mighty above the world of all thy fellows,—

The Solitude that held thee isolate,
As such are who would serve God for a plate
Of beaten gold whereon to board His cheer,
This doth not all appear:
Not in some eagle's crag was laid thy shell,
As to another prophet it befell,—
Thou art laid out close to thy own most loved,
But one among a host who lived and moved
Near to the home that knew thee without fear;
Thus thou art laid to Sleep,—all that Earth gave;
Ah, laid to Sleep,—there is the one high road
That leads me to the vexed thought reconciled;—
'Tis but the crust of body that is spent,
And here lies cloistered in Time's tenement;
If that sleeps on,—all that was thine still mellows;
The Spirit lives that it was thine to brave,
Blown through thee e'en as through the God's live bellows,
Awake, awake far from this mouldy grave;
Awake, where else but in that Solitude's abode
Where paced in Eden's garden the same God,
When Adam crossed Him first there where He strode;
Where we must seek it if with thee we would consent,
Stand up erect as thou within His nave,
Would rise above these rusting bones,
Sheltered beneath this clod;
Would soar like pine-trees of thy own hale stock,
Be pillowed on thy rock,
And strung once more to thy soul's meditation,
Enter the Spirit's eternal habitation;
Move with the Sovereign mind from zones to zones,

Sit judging the elect on Love's white thrones,
Even as thou didst from thy steadfast station;
Judge each and all the mighty of every nation,—
By virtue of the Grace that gives us tones
Deeper than ever rushed from the maestro's cellos,—
By virtue of a Faith inviolate,
That bares a master-key all bars to unlock;
By virtue of a love without rebate;
By virtue of the Wisdom that is Mind's suspense
Before the Soul's omniscience,
Wherein all Time is but a dateless date.

Ah, no,—dear master of Beneficence,—
Thy tomb is here indeed,
But thou art not among these graves;
No,—thou art gone away, art risen;
Thy Spirit burst in Life free of Earth's prison,
And now thou livest,—a most sweet incense,—
A Power to confound Life's indolence,
A Spirit to invoke men from their caves,
Bidding them steel themselves unto the task
That was thy own, unmask
The virtue of thy own munificence;
The vanguard of the host that saves
The Ark of God from Time's devouring waves;
With manna in thy treasury to feed
All who are one with thee and of thy well-begotten seed.

ODE TO A WINTER'S EVENING IN THE FAR WEST

I.

I PASSED with Love beneath the Far West skies
When Winter stooping with his outstretched hands
Sweeps over miles and miles of prairie land,—
Save where each woodland space in slumber lies,—
An ermine shield, most delicately embossed
With tall grass spears, pale heads of seeded flowers,
Sheer stubble blades pushed sharp above the snow,
Whose coverlid they shared but now have lost,—
Waiting through Darkness to the illumined Dawn,
Through Day to the ingathered evening's slow
Procession of the Day's most solemn hours,
When Colour in her chariot shall arise,
And where in heaven, clothed like a queen, she stands,
Moved with fierce ecstasy shall take her horn,
And with the mouth of tremulous angels blow
Her immanent emanation,—the nuptial bands
Of Beauty, which her essence sanctifies,
And Earth, the lover fain with her to grow
The flower of Light she is, when all aglow
With Colour's consummated mysteries.

II.

That Beauty should attend the maiden Spring,
  Her gentle handmaid, to adorn her head,
When Flora wakes and trees shine garlanded;
  And Love, once more a youth, comes whispering
His secrets to the congregated woods;
  When the South West waves softest with her wand,
And children, like the lambs, free from alarms,
  Leap shouting for joy beneath the sun's great floods,—
Here is no wonder; rather our surprise
  Had Nature lagged behind with her fair charms
When all her own the bravest suits have donned:
  But at a time when thrushes cease to sing,
When all Earth's veins by Winter have been bled,
  And she sits lone with frost upon her eyes;
When one cold shroud the dying year embalms;
  That now the glory of glories should be shed
With a chaste loveliness so solacing,
  Fairer than all the spacious Summer's calms;
Beauty taking that Earth-love to her arms,
  This is indeed a very holy thing.

III.

One eve about the daybreak of the year
I saw that sweet betrothal with so strange,
So absolute a grace, so wide a range
Of mystery, I never saw more near
The vision of Earth's virgin blessedness ;
It was as though the weight of heaven's own hues,—
Soft as a mother's kiss to soothe her child,
Save where one throbbing crimson bar's excess
Crowned the secret bed-chamber of the sun,—
Was poured over the Earth's face undefiled
In all their lustre,—grays, silvers and blues
Which dyed each shadow in the Day's own sphere ;
The very flowers and stubble did but change
The bridal robes to exquisite saffron,
Shining afar most meek where Earth most smiled
On her strange Beauty nothing could estrange ;
Ay, though a star or two began to peer,
The purpled depths, where palaced Night lay piled,
Rather Earth's jewel chastened and enisled ;
Only the Darkness washed her rapture clear.

IV.

Nature, I ever have loved thee from the time
  Life took me in her hands and gave the thirst
That floats exultant from the Spring's fresh burst,
  Throbbing with ungauged powers; whose only rhyme
Was the glad music of thy flocks and birds
  Thou fondlest like a mother, though their glee
Shouts careless of the heart whose breath they are,
  Who breath a Joy they cannot bring to words;
Where the green life scarce knows thee for a name,
  Plucking thy skirts in play, or losing each scar
Tearful upon thy bosom. Can it be
  That only when our locks have shed their prime,
And blood flows chill, by many a wound amerced,
  When we have topped this Earth day's fleeting flame,
Soared with Love's passion to thy heaven's great bar,
  Gazed on Life's good, known somewhat of Life's worst,
Struck on the seal and measure of all Time,
  That then at last thou breakest from the war
Fairest of all,—as Winter, star by star,
  Unveils the closest whither we would climb?

v.

I fain would think so,—fain would think that all
  Our battle with the years and what they yield
Doth only make our eyes the more unsealed
  To the bare wreath that crowns Earth's rampart wall;
That e'en the blasts that leave our limbs so cold,
  The sessions of our gravest hours of thought,
But bind us nearer to God's secret members,
  Fashion a temple's windows where unfold,
Strained of the passion, through which such is lost,
  The noblest anthem of His entrance hall.
O Nature, still breathe near me, still support
  My Winter with thy aged yew's coronal;
Help me to pass into that vision revealed
  As the pure harmony I yearn for most,—
This thy austere deliverance of December's
  Marvel of chastened Beauty to Earth's shield.
Fain would I think I catch thy Spirit's call
  Through that eve's stainless breath to my soul's embers,
My heart with joy unspeakable remembers,
  The flower I bear with love to my leaf's fall.

Moosomin, *Jan.* 4, 1906.

NOTES

NOTES

INTRODUCTION, PAGE ix

As this speech is not likely to be well known I will here insert the concluding words: "Some modern critics seriously suggest that we should amend that paragraph of the Declaration of Independence which asserts the equal rights of men, so as to adjust it more accurately to historical and scientific facts. But that epoch-making document needs no alteration upon the subject of human rights when interpreted as it was intended to be interpreted by the man who drafted it. Mr Jefferson did not write 'all men are born free,' as the quotation is sometimes given. That looser language is found in the constitution of Massachusetts, not in the Declaration of Independence. Such an assertion would have been disproved by the historical fact of slavery then existing. What Mr Jefferson wrote was: 'all men are created equal.' That is to say, not equal in exterior circumstances, not in physical or mental attributes, but equal in the sight of God and just human law, in their alienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Americans want no recantation of that declaration. It is the political corollary of the Christian doctrine of the justice and Fatherhood of God. Let it stand as it was penned by Jefferson, an ennobling, even though unattainable, ideal, demanded by the spiritual nature of man—one of those ideals that have done more to lift up humanity and to build up civilization than all the gold from all the mines of the world."

PAGE 5

Inspired by a Spring somewhat later which did not bring in

all the Peace so much desired Mr Hosea Biglow breaks into poetry, by recording which here I may possibly induce a reader or two unaware of it to look up for himself the far finer, nay, quite remarkable outburst on a similar topic (in the 6th Paper of the 2nd series), an effusion which, with the "Courtin," touch perhaps his high water mark as a poet, though too long to be repeated here:

> Aprul's come back; the swellin' buds of oak
> Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish smoke;
> The brooks are loose an', singing to be seen,
> (Like gals) make all the hollers soft an' green;
> The birds are here, for all the season's late;
> They take the sun's height an' don' never wait;
> Soon'z he officially declares it's Spring
> Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,
> An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,
> Can't by the music tell the time o' year;
> But thet white dove Carliny scared away,
> Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day;
> Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an' build last year
> An coo' by every housedoor, isn't here,—
> No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,
> Till we're ez brave en pol'tics ez in war!
> O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they could see
> The begnet pint there is to an idee!

Page 9.

"The vibrant moment," etc.

An historical note may be useful here. In the autumn of 1862 Lincoln saw that he must either retreat or advance against slavery. He determined on decisive action. On September 22, 1862, he issued a monitory proclamation giving notice that on the first day of the next year he would, in the exercise of his war-power, emancipate all slaves of those states or parts of states in rebellion, unless certain conditions were complied with. This proclamation was at once violently assailed by the Democrats, led by Seymour and others, and for a time the opposition threatened disaster to the administration. The elections in the five leading free states—New York,

Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—went against the Republicans. But with the aid of New England, the West and the Border Slave States, the President was assured of a majority of about twenty in the new House to carry out his abolition policy. The words quoted, however, are taken from Lincoln's inaugural address on his second election to the Presidency which occurred later in 1864. Both occasions were commented on with intense satisfaction by Emerson. As to the second he writes to a friend: "I give you joy of the election. Seldom in history was so much staked on a popular vote. I suppose never in history."

PAGE 11.

"It may be you have found," etc.

The word of Emerson is here instructive on this war: "I shall always respect War hereafter. The cost of life, the dreary havoc of comfort and time, are overpaid by the Vistas it opens of Eternal Life, Eternal Law, reconstructing and uplifting Society,—(*sic*) breaks up the old horizon, and we see through the rifts a wider. . . . Everybody has been wrong in his guess, except good women, who never despair of an Ideal right." I do not find an answer to this in Carlyle's return letter ("Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle," vol. ii. p. 287).

PAGE 12.

"The worst of crime's a blunder."

After the disaster of Hampton Roads Mr Homer Wilbur remarked with his usual common sense: "It is not enough to have right on our side, if we stick to the old flint-lock of tradition!" The flint-lock in this case being wooden ships as against iron.

PAGE 13.

"What use indeed," etc.

Carlyle puts the matter in his own way where he says to Emerson: "Alas, there is but one Slavery as I wrote somewhere in the Nigger Question more than once; and that I

think is mounting to a height, which may bring strokes to bear upon it again." His "Past and Present" was an illustration. What a world too lies buried in that one sentence we may call the star-focus of a translation of his from Jean Paul,—"the daughters sadden me who are made slave-negresses." What even were his underpaid needle-women beside such? So Emerson himself in more general terms: "Your six per cent. is as deadly a weapon as gun and tomahawk." Or hear Thoreau: "War is but a training compared with the active service of peace" ("Winter," p. 340).

Page 17.

"O, my beloved one, brave," etc.

It was perhaps fortunate, or shall we say unfortunate, for the writer that when he wrote this Ode he had not read Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode. A fine poem surely, the finest of all his Commemoration Odes; the tense and virile thought, which was always his, showing more power here to break into complete fusion with the emotion and focus itself in distinctly marked moments than is usually the case in a writer, of, as a rule, perhaps, too extended luxuriance. If a criticism may be allowed as to the substance of it, it would be one that is perhaps only to be expected from a brother of that Old Eastern World with which the poet contrasts his New Western World. Though we can readily understand how an American of that time and temper was led to regard the type of hero he possessed in Lincoln as wholly unborrowed,—"nothing of Europe here," as he expresses it,—we cannot but feel that in the emotion that fosters the thought and is expressed most frankly in the stanza beginning, "Who now shall sneer? Who dare again to say we trace Our lines from a plebeian race?" there is something that falls short of the absolute dignity of treatment, that is at least rooted in what is not permanent, but a purely transitional outlook. Even our poet admits, with a truth not entirely to be reconciled with consistency: "Here was a type of the true elder race, And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face

to face." It is difficult indeed to understand in what sense a Lincoln can even be called the first American, with a Washington, a Garrison, a Jackson, or rather a couple of them, and I know not what other names behind him. But there are very fine lines, —it is a noble poem. The highest point is reached, I think, in the well-known verses :—

> "Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
> No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
> And to the saner mind
> We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
> Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
> For never shall their aureoled presence lack.
> I see them muster in a gleaming row,
> With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
> We find in our dull road their shining track;
> In every nobler mood
> We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
> Part of our life's unalterable good,
> Of all our saintlier aspiration;
> They come transfigured back,
> Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
> Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
> Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!"

Such thought reminds one of Mr George Meredith's fine sonnet on the death of his friend Robert Browning :—

> "We are the smitten mortal, we the weak."

Page 19.

"If power by God to me," etc.

These words are said to have been spoken by Lincoln to a friend very early in his career, before in fact he entered the lawyer's profession, on his first and only visit to New Orleans.

Page 23.

"Free as the heaven is free."

Poets, differing so greatly in their general outlook on life

as Schiller, Byron, Heine and Coleridge have all professed to be the apostles of freedom. As Liberty was understood by the youthful Schiller, and by Byron always, it was little more than a negative principle, the insistence upon individuality (the "I'm ez good ez you be" of the Biglow Papers), the expression of rebellion against society and its conventions. In spite of Heine's formal connection with German philosophy, and his wish to be regarded as a knight of the Holy Ghost, we are carried very little further. Neither he nor Byron had the patience or the interest in the speculative problems of their age to penetrate to a profounder and more concrete significance, such as we find already grasped, on one important side, in the æsthetic letters of Schiller. With Byron, Heine and Shelley it is still the watch-word of revolution rather than reconstruction. Yet a Freedom that fails to recognise the relative value of the realised Life from which it has sprung, or to take into account the conditions of its wider expansion through existing institutions, is freedom verging already on license (that is, so far as it is intelligible), a freedom which already condemns itself to be sterile. Such Liberty, which is practically the position of Mill's Essay on Liberty, and of Thoreau, in so far as he possessed a political philosophy, can only lead ultimately to the tyranny of the strongest (see Ritchie, "Principles of State Interference," p. 85, an excellent little book, to which with T. H. Green's works, vol. ii., on which it is mainly founded, I am much indebted). We must, however, not forget that the impulse which a Byron or a Heine gave was in itself of real value: only through such an assertion of the principle of pure individuality over against the articles of dogma or caste men arrive at the fuller consciousness of all that is implied in spiritual freedom. It is this impulse which animates that fine Ode of Coleridge to France and attaches to it a value, which is not simply rhetorical as Ruskin endeavours to show ("Lamps of Architecture," see "Lamp of Obedience" and App. V.). Rather the stress in that poem is not so much laid on the fact that the powers of Nature are free from law (they are expressly regarded as "yielding homage only to eternal laws"), but that they are freed from the apparent caprice and petty claims of human life. No doubt, even as thus interpreted, the thought is

open to serious criticism, part of which is suggested in Browning's ironical words :—

> "O grandeur of the visible universe,
> Our human littleness contrasts withal!
> O sun, O moon, ye mountains and the sea,
> Thou emblem of immensity, thou this,
> That, and the other,—what impertinence
> In man to eat and drink and walk about
> The while some wave sheds foam upon the shore!"
>
> ("Saviour of Society," p. 37, 1st ed.)

However this may be, what Coleridge is thinking of here is rather the principle of receptivity or expansion as an essential element in human freedom, and as such, I think, holds a valid sense. Still it must be admitted that so soon as we have the purely abstract notion of Liberty as merely the freedom of a figment of the mind from restraint; so soon as we perceive that all true liberty implies determination and eventually social service; that in one fairly sufficient definition of it it may be called a positive power or capacity of doing or enjoying something worth doing or enjoying, and that, too, something that we do or enjoy in common with others—we shall see that a mere reference to the facts of Nature as symbols becomes inadequate. It is characteristic of Ruskin that he should seek to discrown Freedom and set up Obedience in her place. But what is obedience, unless it be a free obedience. However the true content of freedom be misinterpreted, her breath is still the vital sap of both nations and individuals. The word still remains good—"Our watchword shall be Freedom and Reason, and our rallying point the invisible Church" (Rosenkrantz's "Life of Hegel," p. 66, see Einleitung to the "Philosophy of History" for a fuller exposition of the thought). No doubt if we choose to balance in the scales the principle of individuality as we find it expressed in the quatrain of Omar Khayyám—"So far as in thee lies, follow the example of the profligate, destroy the foundations of prayer and fasting; drink wine, rob the highway, and be benevolent,"—against the principle of social service defined in the liturgy of the English Church as "perfect freedom" (see the amplifications of Ruskin, "Seven Lamps," p. 200, 6th ed.), there can be little

doubt as to which we must exclaim, "but this man's side sinks far lower" (Arist., "Frogs," p. 1352). But it is hardly necessary to bind Liberty down to the attenuated phantasm of such a philosophy as that of Omar's. Rightly understood Freedom is nothing less than the life and breath of Spirit conscious on the one hand of its fundamental unity in and dependence upon the actualised life of Spirit in the State, and on the other of itself as the principle of growth and expansion in that organic whole which is ultimately that above indicated in the expression "invisible Church." It is only through some such interpretation that we can bring out the full meaning of that outburst of Schiller's hymn to Joy, to which I have referred indirectly through Beethoven's music in my poem; in this we find the entire human race is regarded as working together in one organic whole for the emancipation of Spirit from all that restricts and hampers its freest determination; and whose fellow feeling in one brotherhood declares itself in the rapture of Joy that poem expresses. How freedom as thus understood may best manifest itself in political institutions, Art and the religious consciousness it would be useless to attempt further to elucidate in a note already too long. But at least we may venture so far to say that no solution of the problem can be regarded as adequate that does not borrow quite as much from the Hellenic conception of the State as it is indebted to the Hebrew for those profounder instincts of the religious consciousness, including the fundamental unity and brotherhood of the human family, which such faiths presuppose. In the terse words of our modern philosopher, "Die Aufgabe der Welt sei die Einigung der Tiefe der christlichen Versöhnung mit der Schönheit der griechischen Welt." Only in so far as we become by our emancipation from poorer moulds of social thought and sympathy inheritors of a yet larger sympathy, as citizens in an organic whole that transcends such limits, without becoming wholly strange to them, shall we retain to the full the Freedom of Spirit.

PAGE 26

"Biting the dust of that Infinity
She has no means to bound."

The tendency of modern science, more particularly in the investigations and theories which have been stimulated by the phenomena of "radio-activity," is to break down the crude notions of an inert "matter" and resolve the same into terms of force and motion. In the result as stated by one of the latest exponents of scientific theory (M. Gustave de Bon, see the *Athenaeum*, Nov. 17, 1906) the energy of all forces, whether that of matter itself or the so-called "form instable" of electricity, light and heat are resolvable as the expression of one "energy," which is posited as an inherent concomitant of the primitive atoms. In fact the energy of electricity, etc., is nothing less than the dematerialisation of matter, such a process being, as it is said, the mediating mode of dissolution between what is here called "stable" matter and wholly imponderable "aether." There appears to be some difference among these investigators as to how far the supposed scientific classification or description of the energies thus observed is a sufficient "explanation" of them, or whether there still remains a "mystery" as to how such energy was originally created in a Time process or will eventually exhaust itself. At first sight it would appear as though reversing the principle of *ex nihilo nihil fit* the ultimate destination of matter was, if not actually nonentity, at any rate something of which neither form nor identity is predicable, an abstraction with as little content as the notorious thing-in-self. No doubt some such result is inevitable to a science that uses its categories without examination, where it is not dependent upon metaphor, and makes no real effort to determine how far it is dealing with the purely finite and phenomenal. But it is at least something gained to have broken down the cruder materialism of an atomic explanation of reality. The most illuminating discussion of the difficulties involved in the conception of an infinite space with which I am conversant is the master of Balliol's examination of the antinomies of rational cosmology as presented by Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," more particularly of the first two which relate to ideas of a mathematical transcendent ("The Philosophy of Kant," E. Caird, chs., xxi.-xxii.). Kant himself attempted to overcome the inevitable contradictions implied in such a view of Nature when regarded

purely as objective fact by a critical examination of the conditions of human knowledge, which exposed the illusionary character of both the thesis and antithesis of the antinomy. The world only exists in Time and Space for an "experience" (in Kant's view a human experience), and such is to be regarded not as infinitely or finitely extended, but as indefinitely "extensible" (Caird, p. 505). Such a view may doubtless be brought into harmony with the more thoroughly idealistic standpoint if for human experience we substitute "a rational experience" and take it to include not merely a power of synthesis in relation to a determinate matter (as Kant assumed), but is that which is in virtue of its own form quâ Thought synthetic, proceeding from one category throughout them all to self-consciousness, a process which involves at the same time a "going out of itself" in both necessary opposition and relation to a world in Space and Time. And the criticism of his modern exponent is naturally directed mainly to show how the fuller explication of the notion of such a rational experience as the ideal unity of being and thought, in which reason no longer stands opposed to that world as something alien to itself, but by virtue of its own integrating power transcends and absorbs the same (as it already does partially by its apprehension of it as a Time process), not merely removes such contradictions as are apparent in Kant's attributing a sense of reality to the percipient, which is denied to the integrated world of experience, and his assumption of a reality outside the sphere of rational experience, but affords the only satisfactory resolution of the antinomies themselves. Such is the statement of the problem as it presents itself to the modern philosopher. Professor Bradley arrives at much the same result his own way ("Appearance and Reality," pp. 35-41, and pp. 288-293). But he is more at pains to show that the contradictions inseparable from a consideration of Space on its own ground and according to its own idea as the abstraction of extension point to the fact that it is an untrue appearance or perhaps we should say a relatively true appearance. For as he says (p. 291), it is the way in which a mere part of reality shows itself, a way essential and true when taken up and transmuted by a fuller totality, but, considered by itself, inconsistent and lapsing beyond

its being. Much as modern scientific theory in its dematerialisation of matter proceeds to a kind of suicide of its own primary conception, is more spiritual than it wots of, pointing to the notion that transcends it, so Nature by her yearning after infinity suggests an effort to terminate herself as Nature in an ideality that is both infinite and self-determined.

PAGE 28.

"O Liberty,
Thou child of Order and Self-conscious Will."

Let me illustrate. "The building of a house is, in the first instance, a subjective aim and design. On the other hand we have, as means, the several substances required for the work,—Iron, Wood, Stones. The elements are made use of in working up this material. . . . The result is, that the wind, which has helped to build the house, is shut out by the house; so also the violence of rains and floods, and the destructive powers of fire, so far as the house is made fire-proof. . . . Thus the elements are made use of in accordance with their nature, and yet to co-operate for a product, by which their operation is limited. Thus the passions of men are gratified; they develop themselves and their aims in accordance with their natural tendencies, and build up the edifice of human society: thus fortifying a position for Right and Order *against themselves*" (Sibree's translation of Hegel's "Phil. of History," p. 28, a passage not included in the 1st German Edition of Ganz). In such a "fortified position" human freedom as rational is realised, and only in such a position.

PAGE 30.

"But never straight to sunward winks."

Man kann die Sphinx als ein Symbol für den ägyptischen Geist ansehen; sie stellt den Geist vor, wie er anfangt sich aus dem Natürlichen zu erheben, sich diesem zu entreizen, und schon freier um sich zu bleiben, ohne sich jedoch ganz von den

Fesseln zu befreien. Die unendlichen Bauwerke der Aegypter sind halb unter der Erde, halb steigen sie über ihr in die Lüfte ("Hegel's Werke," vol. ix. p. 205). What is said here of Egypt is equally true of Chinese civilisation. "Their civilisation is, it is said, founded on reason, but if so, it is a servile and prosaic reason,—it is reason divorced from beauty and from freedom. Their history is not far different; it is careful, encyclopædic, and unreadable" (S. H. Butcher, "Aspects of Greek Genius," p. 21). With regard to history it is interesting to note that Hegel traces the absence of any true history of India as compared with Chinese histories to the fact that in India the national self-consciousness necessary to produce the historian was entirely wanting. Freedom both as abstract will and as subjective freedom is absent. They have had no State in the proper sense of the word (Werke, vol. ix. pp. 169-170). "The statue of Memnon is cast down, but the shaft of the Iliad still meets the sun in his rising" (Thoreau).

Page 33.

"But rather as a pillar of cloud."

It is more than possible, I fear, that to not a few of our candidates for enfranchisement "the pillar of cloud" rather pointed to the wilderness of Paran than the milk and honey of Canaan. And not without some reason. The author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" writes, I presume, with something of a Southerner's bias; but it is impossible to believe that he does not describe what was a very strong sentiment among hundreds of negroes at the time of the liberation. And, indeed, this loyalty for the master, for all its pathetic side, speaks in eloquent language for the servant no less than the master. As Mr Birdofredum Sawin remarked:—

> "It's cheerin', tu, where every man must fortify his bed,
> To hear that Freedom's the one thing our darkies mos'ly dread."

Though that is doubtless an overstatement, it unquestionably represents a fact, which, so far as it goes, speaks up for the relative sanity of the former relation. No doubt there are few

negroes now, if any, who would wish to return to such flesh-pots, and I was told that you could not meet a Southerner who would still defend the old basis. But the question still remains, What of the new? Is it essentially better, at least from the perhaps rather one sided point of view of a heretic such as Carlyle, who will have none of your purely formal freedom? Shortly before leaving Concord, I crossed a very interesting article in the *Sunday Herald*, Boston (Feb. 23, 1906), which throws no little light on this all important question. It is entitled "Equal rights in Georgia," and describes the proceedings of a certain convention, consisting of 200 intelligent representative coloured men from all parts of that state, sitting in session of the 13th and 14th of that month, among whom I find two bishops, an ex-register of the United States treasury, three professors, and other persons of merit and distinction. That convention issued an address, which, as described by the Boston *Herald*, is "a tremendous indictment of the political, social and religious attitude of the white race toward their fellow-citizens of the coloured race." It is, moreover, a statement apparently temperate, if severe, in tone, by thoughtful men, speaking for more than a million dissatisfied spirits. The antecedent history is thus summarized. "Two races came to Georgia in the early eighteenth century, and lived as master and slave. In that long, hard apprenticeship we learned to work, to speak the tongue of the land, and, better, to know God. We learned this, but we learned it at the cost (*a little optimism surely here as to the condition from which you issued from those dark regions of Africa, my friends*) of self-respect, self-reliance, knowledge, and the honour of our women. We are still ignorant, partly by our own fault (*yes, assuredly*), in not striving more doggedly after knowledge, but chiefly because of the wretched educational opportunities given us in this state." They then point out that although the white and black school populations are nearly equal, out of all state pecuniary assistance 80 per cent. goes to the white children, and only 20 per cent. to the black. While admitting that their labourers are not always efficient they point out that the larger portion of the accumulated wealth of that state has been built on their backs, they do not receive a just wage, or are per-

mitted to enjoy the freedom of labour contracts. They proceed as follows on the question of the suffrage: "We do not deny that some of us are not yet fit for the ballot, but we do affirm that the majority of us are fit,—fit by our growing intelligence, our ownership of property and our conservative law-abiding tendencies; and in any case, certainly, disfranchisement and oppression will not increase our fitness, nor will they settle the race problem. The right to vote is in itself an education (*or, precisely the reverse, my friends*), and if Georgia had taken as much time and trouble to fit us for political responsibility as she has in denying us our rights she would have a safer and saner electorate than that which is to-day swaying her by appeals to her worst passions. Voteless working men are slaves (*yes, that is at least the political gospel of your opponents*); without the defence of the ballot we stand naked to the power of our enemies, the helpless victims of jealousy and hate, subjected to, and humiliated by an unreasoning caste spirit, which grows by what it feeds on (*yes, surely*). If we are good enough to be represented by five Georgia Congressmen in the Councils of the nation, we are surely good enough to choose those representatives (*the logic here seems a little defective*); if we are not good enough to be represented, at least, as human beings (*yes, we cannot get over that*) we are too good to be misrepresented by our enemies. We ask of this nation, therefore, the enforcement of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments." Among other grounds of complaint set forth, they protest against caste discriminations in the facilities of transportation and the abolition of Jim-crow cars, and other changes are suggested. Finally, as to the administration of justice, after enumerating the horrors of Lynch law, they add, "Coloured men are punished in this state without intelligent discrimination; old and young, thug and mischief-maker, and often men and women, are herded together after unfair trials before juries who would rather convict ten innocent negroes than let one guilty escape. The sentences inflicted are cruel and excessive; 25 per cent. of the convicts are condemned for life, and 60 per cent. for ten years and more. White men often escape conviction or are promptly pardoned. These slaves of

the State are then sold body and soul to private capitalists for the sake of gain, without the shadow of an attempt at reformation, and are thrown into relentless competition with free negro labourers. The fortune of many a prominent white Georgia family is red with the blood and sweat of black men justly and unjustly held to labour in Georgia prison camps; the State today is receiving $225,000 a year of this blood money and boasting of her ability to make crime pay." And the document closes: "Brethren of the white race, living together as we do, let us be friends and not enemies. Let us not stir up the darker, fiercer passions. Let us strive together, not as master and slave, but as man and man, equal in the sight of God (*truly*) and in the eye of the law (*that is another question*), eager to make this historic state a land of peace, a place of plenty, and an abode of Jesus Christ."

It is a significant document, whatever inevitable overcolouring there may be found in it. Carlyle would have to admit Mr Quashee has now a voice and a really formidable one. That it deserves the careful consideration of all who address themselves earnestly to perhaps one of the most difficult problems that America has to solve before she can arrive at her peace must be obvious to all.

PAGE 34.

"Rather a thousand times, I trow,
Doth so enslave himself."

"The true answer to Aristotle's plea for slavery, that there are 'natural slaves,' lies in the fact that there are no 'natural masters.' The true objection to slavery is not that it is unjust to the inferior, but that it corrupts the superior" (Wells, "A New Utopia," p. 337). This it is that knocks the bottom out of the famous Corner-Stone speech of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. Accept that and all inferior races may be enslaved by the superior ("Cambridge M. Hist.," vol. vii. p. 881). Herein, too, lies the most direct answer to Carlyle's protest in "The Nigger Question." As Hegel says, after some profound remarks upon the native condition of the

negro: "Die Sklaverei ist ein und für sich Unrecht, denn das Wesen des Menschen ist die Freiheit, doch zu dieser muss er erst reif werden. Es ist also die allmählige Abschaffung der Sklaverei etwas Angemesseneres und Richtigeres, als ihre plötzliche Aufhebung" (Einleitung, 1st edition, Werke IX., p. 97). The Biglow Papers suggest mildly the same lesson, particularly in that last effusion of Mr H. Biglow; take the lines for instance beginning: "No white man sets in airth's broad aisle," etc. The German philosopher and the American poet were, each in their ways, as refreshingly free from the Exeter Hall temper as the Chelsea sage himself.

PAGE 49.

"A black man talks," etc.

"He realises at last that silently, resistlessly, the world about flows by him in two great streams: they ripple on in the same sunshine, they approach and mingle their waters in seeming carelessness,—then they divide and flow wide apart. It is done quietly; no mistakes are made, or if one occurs, the swift arm of the law and of public opinion swings down for a moment, as when the other day a black man and a white woman were arrested for talking together on Whitehall Street in Atlanta" ("The Souls of Black Folk," p. 183).

PAGE 59.

"Memories."

This is an incident related by the Hon. Wm. H. Fleming as having happened at Augusta but quite recently.

PAGE 61.

"A white man's appeal."

Compare the statements of the Hon. Wm. H. Fleming in his Speech, "The foundation of the moral law is justice. Let us solve the negro problem by giving the negro justice and

applying to him the recognised principles of the moral law" (p. 62), and the following as his corollary, "Justly proud of our race, we refuse to amalgamate with the negro. Nevertheless, the negro is a human being under the Fatherhood of God, and consequently within the Brotherhood of man for these two relations are inseparable" (p. 35).

PAGE 62.

The charge which the Hon. Wm. H. Fleming brings against a certain class of American politicians of fraud in their wish "to eliminate the black from politics" does not merely refer to the so-called Grandfather clause under which there was a clear attempt to nullify the educational requirement of the State law as to the whites, while leaving it in full force as to the negroes, and in this way to get round the fifteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution; but also has particular reference to an agitation now prevailing in Georgia to disfranchise the negro through a so-called education qualification or understanding clause, which should place the black man entirely at the mercy of a class of officials, who would treat their duties as registrars in dealing with him in a totally different spirit to that adopted when dealing with white men and so deliberately place themselves under the condemnation of the Court's construction of the fourteenth amendment (118 U.S. 356) which runs: "Though the law itself be fair on its face and impartial in appearance, yet if it be applied and administered by public authority with an evil eye and an unequal hand so as practically to make unjust and unequal discriminations between persons in similar circumstances, material to their rights, the denial of equal justice is still within the prohibition of the Constitution" (Speech, p. 50, see generally pp. 43-52).

PAGE 62.

"Mulling." This is an American expression. Lowell says of it, "We have always heard 'mulling' used for *stirring*, *bustling*, sometimes in an underhand way. It is a metaphor derived probably from mulling wine, and the word itself must be

a corruption of *mell*, from O.F. *mesler*. To the same interesting explanation of words he derives loafer from the German laufen" (Biglow Papers, Intr. to 2nd series).

PAGE 65.

"A black man's appeal."

Compare the conviction of Mr Homer Wilbur in the Biglow Papers. "The first need of the free black is to educate himself. So soon as the Ethiopian goes in his chariot, he will find not only the Apostle but Chief Priests and Scribes and Pharisees willing to ride with him" (2nd series, No. 4).

PAGE 78.

"Our people dropped off in the furrows," etc.

"This land was a little Hell," said a ragged, brown, and grave-faced man to me. We were seated near a roadside blacksmith's shop, and behind was the bare ruin of some master's home. "I've seen niggers drop dead in the furrow, but they were kicked aside, and the plough never stopped. And down in the guard-house, there's where the blood ran" ("The Souls of Black Folk," p. 124).

PAGE 79.

"Ay, if we thirsted for Jesus," etc.

The church among the negroes was not at first Christian, but an adaptation of heathen rites among the members of each plantation, and roughly designated as Voodooism. Association with masters, missionary effort and motives of expediency gradually brought about the change. The Methodist persuasion was always the most popular ("The Souls of Black Folk," pp. 196, 7).

PAGE 79.

"If ours was the high-road," etc.

The long system of repression and degradation of the negro tended to emphasise the elements in his character which

made him a valuable chattel: courtesy became humility, moral strength degenerated into submission, and the exquisite native appreciation of the beautiful became an infinite capacity for dumb suffering.

PAGE 79.

"A word went out as aforetime," etc.

In his survey of the condition of negroes previous to the war of liberation the author of "The Souls of Black Folk" points out that the condition of the freedman at that time is frequently forgotten. He cites the following pathetic lines that had their origin at this time:—

> "O Freedom, O Freedom, O Freedom over me!
> Before I'll be a slave
> I'll be buried in my grave,
> And go home to my Lord
> And be free."

PAGE 81.

"In vain was the vision vouchsafed us," etc.

"'The vision of forty acres and a mule'—the righteous and reasonable ambition to become a landholder, which the nation had all but categorically promised the freedmen—was destined in most cases to bitter disappointment. . . . The opportunity of binding the negro peasant willingly to the soil was lost on that day when the Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau had to go to South Carolina and tell the weeping freedmen, after their years of toil, that their land was not theirs, that there was a mistake—somewhere" ("The Souls of Black Folk," p. 32).

PAGE 82.

"Ye have broken the links of old masters," etc.

"He had emerged from slavery—not the worst slavery in the world, not a slavery that made all life unbearable, rather a slavery that had here and there something of kindliness, fidelity, and happiness,—but withal slavery, which, so far as human aspiration and desert were concerned, classed the black man

and the ox together. . . . They welcomed freedom with a cry. So the cleft between the white and black South grew" (*Ibid.*, p. 28). As, however, the writer in an interesting article on the Negro Problem of a recent number of the *Fortnightly* (June 1906) observes, so long as the negro makes no claim to equality of right the general attitude of the South is less repugnant to him than that of the North. Of the unsatisfactory condition of land tenure in the Southern States there is doubtless abundant evidence, quite apart from the exhaustive survey of it in this book of Du Bois. Readers of the poetry of that most gifted writer, Sidney Lanier, whose personality touches that of Thoreau at many points, will recollect a most dramatic description of the agrarian condition of the State Georgia, and the haphazard life of the poorer tenants in the important poem "Corn." I quote from memory the lines:—

> "He sailed in borrowed ships of usury
> A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,
> Seeking the Fleece and finding misery."

PAGE 83.

"Will ye nourish for ever," etc.

Mr H. G. Wells, in his very stimulating book, "A Modern Utopia," brings together many suggestive reflections on the race problem (see particularly the chapter entitled "Race in Utopia"). As he remarks (p. 331), "Save for a few isolated pools of savage humanity, there is probably no pure race in the whole world." He argues with much plausibility that there is nothing in the facts before us to make it either inconceivable or impossible to realise the association of the Chinaman and the Englishman on terms of equality in a World-state. He points out the peculiar difficulties of obtaining evidence of first-hand importance from really unbiassed sources. With reference to half-breeds he says, "A great and increasing number of people are persuaded that 'half-breeds' are peculiarly evil creatures—as hunch-backs and bastards were supposed to be in the middle ages. . . . There is really not an atom of evidence an unprejudiced mind would accept to sustain any belief of the sort"

(p. 336). In his "Future of America" he well says that the main sympathy of the white must be with the half-caste. He discusses the question of intermarriages between Caucasians and Chinamen with both humour and common-sense. Whatever we may think of his conclusions it is indubitable that a great change has already come about in our relations to the sister-folk of Japan. Edwin Arnold, for example, married a lady of Japan. As he well points out the only real alternative to amalgamation is annihilation of the weaker. Sentimentalism will never effect anything. Compare some interesting remarks of Professor Bradley in considering the question whether Othello was a negro, or as Coleridge thought, a Moor ("Shakespearean Tragedy," pp. 198-202). The ground-root of the profound sentiment in America face to face with the negro is racial, and its fear is racial, and its issue is the curse of India, viz., caste. As to the basis of such in reason a well-known writer summed it up long ago in the words:—

> "My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is fill'd.
> There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart.
> It does not feel for man; the natural bond
> Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
> That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
> He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
> Not colour'd as his own; and having power
> T' enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause
> Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."
>
> (Cowper, "The Task," Bk. ii.)

Page 83.

"With the curse of your blight," etc.

"The rape which your gentlemen have done against helpless black women in defiance of your own laws is written on the foreheads of two million of mulattoes, and written in ineffaceable blood" ("The Souls of Black Folk," p. 106). Mr Nevinson has pointed out that the best looking of the black natives carried to places such as San Thomé and Suplice are—appropriated by

their masters as concubines. The main conclusion of Mr Du Bois seems to be that the Negro population in America tends now in the reflective masses either, as mainly in the North, to league itself with the forces of anarchy or radicalism, or, as in the South, with the voices that accept a more or less insincere compromise. Such a result he holds to be a necessary result of the present dubious position of reaction, in which all real social and industrial opportunity is barred to them.

Page 92.

"His bath was good enough: he left it clean
As the last pebble in the Jordan seen."

"Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. . . . They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of King Tching-thang to this effect, 'Renew thyself completely each day; do it again and again, and forever again'" (Thoreau, "Walden").

Like Goethe and our own great painter Watts, Thoreau was of the opinion that the best work was done in the morning. "All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise." "Think in the morning, act in the noon, eat in the evening, sleep in the night," is one of Blake's proverbs of hell.

Page 93.

"For two whole years and more."

Thoreau spent exactly two years and two months in the hut which he erected on the banks of Walden Pond and marked by the humble pile of stones raised by his admirers. The manner of his life there, its objects and economies, are, of course, well known to readers of his Walden. Far too much stress has been laid on it in its aspect as a quixotic hermitage. It was to

Thoreau and the formation of his character what the life on the moors of Craiggenputtok was to Carlyle. Walt Whitman, who, with John Brown, and Joe Polis, the Indian guide, were mentioned as characters Thoreau particularly admired by Emerson in his funeral address, carried a stone to the lonely pile (Specimen Days).

PAGE 93.

"Thought him the strangest loafer that it knew."

We may illustrate from Thoreau himself where he says, "If a man walk in the woods for love of them for half of each day he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off these woods and making earth bald before her time he is esteemed as an industrious and enterprising citizen. As if a town had no interest in its forests but to cut them down" (vol. x., "Works," p. 256; *cf.* "Winter," p. 45). The thought would find an echo in Ruskin and many another. Mr John Davidson has caught the real gist of the man in his poem Thoreau ("A Music Hall," p. 79):—

"I tell you, who mock my behaviour,
There is not a desert in space;
Each insect and moss is a saviour,
And Nature is one thing with Grace.

Who called me a hermit misprized me;
I never renounced a desire;
The thought of the world has disguised me,
And clad with a vapour my fire."

PAGE 96.

"Which was Poet, which was Seer?"

Both Emerson and Thoreau were, in certain aspects, prophet and poet. "My only integral experience is my vision," says Thoreau of himself. Emerson seems to have thought indeed that Thoreau did not possess the poetic temperament. And, indeed, so far as mere output of poetry is concerned, the accomplishment of Emerson may be easily ranked higher than that of Thoreau. Ultimately, no doubt, the contrast cannot be unduly pressed in their case, for neither seems to have been

master of an original creative power in poetry of the highest order. But there remains this distinction that in Emerson's case there was a practical aim, a constant desire, moreover, to be in contact with the larger flow of humanity as contrasted with the more oversensitive withdrawal from it on the part of Thoreau; and in Emerson's case the impulse was mainly the prophetic impulse. If neither was a poet of humanity in the large dramatic sense at least Thoreau made good an intimacy with Nature, which in its passion, directness and detailed truth has rarely been rivalled. We may feel some doubt as to the most exhaustive title for the character and work of Emerson. He was somewhat more than a scholar, even in his own great-hearted sense. But the life of Thoreau was essentially one that a poet only could have lived; not the kind of poet, perhaps, we love best, but a life, into which the deeper we penetrate with sympathy the better we shall be able to appreciate as a really beautiful and characteristic life, a living with the True and the Beautiful. For such as have not crossed it I may mention we have quite an excellent little biography now of the man in the "Great Writers" series ("Life of Thoreau," Henry S. Salt). Mr Salt appears to me to be one of the first, the first in fact that I have met with, who has done justice to the heart of the man, and clearly defined that "delicacy which was sensitive almost to fastidiousness" (p. 157). Though I think he is in error on some things he says about Emerson, there is very little indeed one would see corrected in his estimate of Thoreau. It is a worthy biography in every respect.

PAGE 97.

"Ask the angels if he walked through
All the nakedness of hell."

Compare also infra,—"Deeming thee one who never wrestled with rough fate."

The most direct statement of the view here alluded to that I know, is that of Mr John Morley: "Emerson has little to say of that horrid burden and impediment of the soul, which the churches call Sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the moral nature of man. He had no

eye, like Dante's, for the vileness, the cruelty, the utter despicableness to which humanity may be moulded. . . He will see no monster if he can help it. For the fatal Nemesis or terrible Erinyes, daughters of Erebus and Night, Emerson substitutes a fair-weather abstraction named Compensation" (J. Morley, R. W. Emerson, an Essay). Or, as summed up with characteristic energy by Carlyle himself, after too a beautiful estimate of the other aspect of its Radiance: "You have done *very well*; Only one thing farther I will note: How you go as if altogether on the 'Oversoul,' the Ideal, the Perfect or Universal and Eternal in this life of ours; and take so little heed of the frightful quantities of *friction* and perverse *impediment* there everywhere are; the reflections upon which in my own poor life made me now and then very sad, as I read you" ("Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 325). Though it is obvious that Emerson did not look on the world with the eye of a Dante, Savonarola or a John Knox, to say that he had no eye for such an aspect of reality as the one referred to is simply to beg the question. It is to assume that we have the whole man's outlook in his written word. This is to disregard the fundamental impression that he considered his genius mainly responsible to deliver. What that was there can be little doubt, however we may combat its claims on our consideration. It was the positive intuition of the whole and the Good, as against the insistence on the negative, the barren and the corrupt. It was in its way a gospel of deliverance to replace former gospels, and that by no mere negation, but by the unfolding of the wider whole that contained it. It has been said with truth: It is easier to discover a deficiency in individuals, in states, and in providence, than to see their real import and value! It is possible to explain the higher optimism without necessarily assuming it to be blind, and to comprehend that a true Original may have other aims in the final impression of his deliverance than the exhaustive analysis of what is actually realised in the world. But he himself said: "The world is always as bad as it dares to be, and if the majority are evil it is because the minority are not good." No doubt he insisted on compensation as one valuable set off for those who strive to preserve their sanity in the face of the great

evils of life. And on another side he pointed out how that which we call Fate, and to him Fate often implied simply the worshippers of Mammon and their fruits, is the counterpart of internal condition. Remove the one you remove the other. Such thoughts, if far from exhausting the problem, are at least illuminating. But wisdom is justified in all her children. There is room in the world for Shakspere and Jesus of Nazareth, no less than Jeremiah. And there always will be room for the beacon on the hill no less than the light which betrayeth the darkness.

PAGE 98.

"Mark her son a young soul teaching."

The relations between Thoreau and his friend and great admirer Blake, who edited his Journals with such care and skill of selection, are well worthy of study. The letters that passed between them are perhaps the most noteworthy in his correspondence. As a matter of fact Stephenson repented him of his former rather severe summary of Thoreau. I quote the case, of course, purely as typical.

PAGE 98.

"Looked and saw one meekly kneeling
Straight before his man John Brown!"

Thoreau's attitude to the abolitionist John Brown was perhaps the finest in his life. For once he came forth from his comparative retirement as the eccentric of a small village and asserted his character in its full flavour and force before his contemporaries. He was the first to stand up in his defence in Concord, in this respect anticipating Emerson himself. His articles "Slavery and Massachusetts" and "A Plea for John Brown," blaze with the white heat of indignant passion and the most scalding irony, worthy at times of Swift himself, as for example, where he argues that men who were killed through resistance to Brown and his rising, cannot be said to have died. It seems as if no man had ever died in America before, for in order to die, you must have lived. Let the dead bury their dead. "The man who does not recognise in Brown's words a

wisdom and noblesse superior to our laws is a modern Democrat." It is the position of the Antigone of Sophocles; and he enforces it throughout with scathing satire.

PAGE 108.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

The conception of life as a sleep is closely related to certain aspects of Indian speculation. I am only acquainted through translations with these, and not too intimately even to that extent, but it appears that in the Vedānta, quite one of the most interesting books from the point of view of modern philosophical speculation, we find that Thought determined in the Cosmic Illusion, otherwise called I'svara's causal body (*i.e.*, the Lord's causal body), the phase of existence which is nearest to the Absolute (the fourth), and known as the sheath of Bliss (Ānunda-maya Kosá), is styled "Deep Sleep"; for here determined existence is least conditioned in that state which is regarded as Illusion or Māyā. On the other hand, the second phase (there are four altogether), regarded individually as Taijasa, and itself divided into three phases or sheaths, viz., the sheath of discernment, the sheath of mind and the sheath of airs, together constitute a state called "Dreaming Sleep." The interesting point to note in this Vedantic speculation is that the process of cognition from the lowest terms of perception, the so-called sheath of nutrition, to the absolute consciousness, is not as we should naturally suppose, and as we find in Plato, regarded as a process from sleep to more waking vision, but rather from waking (*i.e.*, the point of view of commonsense realism) to profound slumber. This of course is entirely in keeping with the fundamental conception of Hinduism, a conception only partially softened by the Vāsudevic idealism and the eclectic poem of the Bhagavad-gītā, where the ultimate fruition in the Godhead is regarded as one of supreme joy rather than that of entire absorption. But in both systems determined existence is regarded as an evil and the ultimate Good is either the entire or partial resolution of all personality in Brahma, who tends to become Absolute Thought regarded as little other, so far as the

determinations of Thought are concerned than abstract Blankness. Under this view of the Universe, a view that seems to have had considerable attraction for a mind like that of Thoreau, the human soul gradually clothes itself with successive wraiths of existence, wraiths of illusion inseparable from a Self, even as the entire world is viewed as a wraith of Brahma, each successive wraith growing nearer the absolute Thought reflecting upon its mere abstractness, and called very appropriately "Deep Sleep." Strictly speaking, however, these sheaths are regarded quite as much intellectual faculties as any synthesis of the Real separated from each other by virtue of the nature of their categorical content. In other words, it is ridiculous to press a system that in many respects is based on the inconsistencies of pure fancy or the illusive language of metaphor with the more thorough attempts of Western speculation to gather up intellectual idealism in a system. But though this is doubtless true enough we may at least hold that to both the Indian and Greek or German philosopher there is meaning in those words of Emerson—"Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree" (Essays, "Experience"). No doubt what attracts such spirits as Thoreau is not so much the intellectualism of the more rigid and logical Vedānta, but the more ethical product of the Vāsudevic development which promises enlightenment not merely in knowlege and austerities like the Yoga, but to all spirits of loving devotion, *bhakti*, a spirit, which, in the Bhagavad-gītā, with many inconsistencies of statement, is made essential to salvation. It is this insistence on the spirit of Love even when dealing with the Rule of Works that affiliates this famous poem with Christian ethics. "Therefore fulfil ever without attachment the work thou hast to do; for the man that does his work without attachment wins to the Supreme" ("Bhag.," iii. 19). But as this selfless spirit of Love tends frequently to run into something very akin to pure indifference so we get such thoughts as this,—"I (viz., Krishna or the Revealed Brahma) am indifferent to all born beings; there is none whom I hate, none whom I love. But they that worship Me with devotion dwell in Me, and I in them" ("Bhag.," ix. 29). And indeed the sixth lesson seems to point

distinctly not so much to the peace that passeth understanding but the "coming to stillness" which is found by the pure abstraction from the world of the ascetic. The best criticism that I have read of Indian speculation is still Hegel's. Possibly certain aspects of imaginative Thought receive hardly sufficient appreciation, and doubtless he was without the differentiated knowledge of more recent scholars. But all he says goes to the root of the matter, and so far as Indian poetry is concerned, he even admits that in some qualities that do not touch the content, it may compare favourably with the Greek Epic. But after all, in a work of Art, Form is inseparable from content.

Page 114.

"The death of a child."

The threnody, written by Emerson on the death of his eldest boy, is well known to all lovers of his poetry. The lines he wrote some time after to a friend may not be so near to recollection. "The innocent and beautiful should not be sourly and gloomily lamented, but with music and fragrant thoughts and sportive recollections. Alas! I chiefly grieve that I cannot grieve. Dear boy, too precious and unique a creation to be huddled aside into the waste and prodigality of things; yet his image, so gentle, so rich in hopes, blends easily with every happy moment, every fair remembrance, every cherished friendship of my life. Calm and wise, calmly and wisely happy, the beautiful Creative Power looked out from him, and spoke of anything but chaos and interruption. What was the moral of sun and moon, of roses and acorns, that was the moral of the sweet boy's life; softened only and humanised by blue eyes and infant eloquence."

A description of this boy by a friend runs: "A domesticated sunbeam, with his father's voice, but softened, and beautiful dark blue eyes with long lashes. He was his father's constant companion, and would stay for hours together in the study, never interrupting him. A day or two before his death after some words of tenderness to his wife, his heart recurred to that

old but evergreen love of his and he smiling said, 'O, that beautiful boy.'"

PAGE 120.

"A Bust of Aphrodite."

This poem was suggested by a particular work of art belonging to a period posterior to the great classic period. It is catalogued as belonging to the school of Praxiteles, but it might very reasonably be referred to a still later period, though doubtless a very beautiful example. Regarded as a piece of classic art at all, there is something particularly arresting about it; in its subtle and half-dreamy Greuze-like sensuousness it is indescribably modern, though the superb unity and completeness of the entire presentment makes itself felt more and more, the more it is studied, and the modelling of the folds of hair is quite wonderful in its refinement and simplicity. That the worship of Aphrodite was originally of Eastern origin, and that the germ of her personality is to be traced to the goddess Astarte seems clearly proved. The connection of her mythos with the love story of Adonis and the nature of her worship at Corinth are quite sufficient indications. It would, however, be false to refer on that account those elements in her worship as a Hellenic goddess which betray a Nature worship wholly to foreign sources, and to attribute only the more spiritual aspects of her divinity as the goddess of love (distinct from sensual passion) grace and beauty, to the later influence of Hellenic genius. Aphrodite Pandemos was as truly an Hellenic goddess as Aphrodite Urania. We should hit the mark more nearly if we were to say that the Hellenes, however much growing more and more conscious, in the age of their highest spiritual activity, to the co-ordinating power of Reason and Beauty, as the sensuous or imaginative representation of it, yet held too sane a grasp of Life in its entirety to reject those aspects which the roots of Nature's fecundity supply. At the same time it is clear that as they became more vitally conscious of the contradictions implied in human nature, they endeavoured in the early stages of reflection to mediate such by the separation of the

divergent powers of their deity by assuming equally distinct conceptions of her godhead. Finally their philosophy, more particularly in the hands of Plato, converts (starting from the magnificent, if insufficient, metaphor of the charioteer and two steeds we find in the Phaedrus) the problem into an enquiry into the nature of the human soul and the possible solution of all difficulties through the satisfaction of the impulse we call Love (in the Phaedrus unhesitatingly called in this connection a "madness") in an ideal sphere whether of Beauty or (as in the "Republic," Bks. 3 and 7) the idea of the Good, which transcended its inferior objects (for the inconsistencies of Plato's apprehension of the former conception we must refer the reader to Professor Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetik," p. 53). Much the same opposition may be traced between the parallel worships of Apollo and Dionysos, or as two modern poets, taking the antithesis in its extreme form, have restored it in the opposed worships of Aphrodite and Artemis.

We may, of course, admit the stamp of the Hellenic genius on the goddess Aphrodite in all her manifestations, and still retain the view that Aphrodite Urania was that conception of her divinity which was most incontestably and through and through Hellenic. Just as we may and should look to the god Apollo rather than Dionysos as the inspiring source to which the spiritual wealth of the Athens of Perikles is most indebted for its fundamental character. For the character of that Spirit was primarily a determinate character whether we regard it as realised in the fulness of civic life, which was the first object of all who shared in it, or in the beauty of Hellenic art, whose ideal aim was to secure the absolute harmony of form and content. The line of Æschylus in his Eumenides *παντὶ μέσῳ τὸ κράτος θεὸς ὤπασεν* strikes the fundamental keynote of that Spirit, which received perhaps its most famous expression in the funeral oration of Perikles as reported in its ideal substance by Thucydides. And a philosopher so capable of doing justice to the more emotional nature of his countrymen that he could say that (Phaedrus, 245), "the creative production of the sane man (*ὁ σώφρων*) disappeared as a thing of nought when set as a rival by the side of that of the madman," was certainly yet

more himself and still more in harmony with the aesthetic temper of his folk when he called Love the daughter of temperance, or at the close of that very dialogue made Socrates invoke the god that he should only have such a quantity of gold as the temperate can bear and carry. It would indeed be of real interest to follow closely through the works of the great tragedians the attitude of the Hellenic mind—we may call it perhaps the naïve wistfulness, at times verging on real repugnance—to the aspect of the goddess Aphrodite which identifies her with an untamed and untameable force (*ὁ δυσμαχώτατος θεός*, Eur., fr. 433), who drives her votaries mad (Soph. Ant., 790), rather than the Queen who "sends forth the Loves that are hers to sit by Wisdom's side and work together to every excellence" (Eur. Med., vv. 530-4). Here I must restrict myself to one or two passages. Sophocles in the well-known chorus of the Antigone (unless there is a corruption in our text, which Jebb strongly suspects) appears to associate this Power on an equal footing with the rational order whereof the laws of the State are an embodiment: at any rate in this remarkable passage Love is spoken of as a divine principle, and we are at least reminded of the cosmological notion of Love which both Aristophanes, in the great chorus of the clouds, and Aristotle (Met. 1. 4), in his discussion of previous theories of first principles, borrowed from Hesiod. But in a tragedian such as Euripides, facing, as he is forced to do so frequently, in such traditions as had gathered round the story of Helen, the disastrous consequences of the immoderate influence of the goddess so pathetically summarised by Helen herself in the words

εἰ δ' ἦνθα μετρία, τ' ἄλλα γ' ἠδίοστη θεων πέφυκας ἀνθρώποων

the contradiction of the two sides is set forth in the completest antithesis. And in the Iphigenia in Aulis (vv. 534-550) direct allusion is made to the two charmed arrows of Love, "one to eternal delight, the other to Life's confusion." Such figurative expressions were, as we have seen, interpreted by Plato in his own way through a philosophy, which, however, stamped with far profounder insight and wholly ideal in its purpose, was still expressed through a psychology, which

borrowed very largely from the language of poetical metaphor. It may indeed be best illustrated with the thoughts of the poets of most penetrating reach who have followed him, either by Dante's conception of the ideal Beatrice, Goethe's marriage of Faust and Helena, or to come to still more recent times by such a poem as Horne's "Orion," Emerson's "Initial, daemonic and celestial Love," or finally by Mr George Meredith in his "A Reading of Life." The deliverance in each case is by no means the same, the intellectual atmosphere may be a different one, but in all of them we shall find an effort to rise beyond that limited conception of Love, which either by its too slavish adhesion to the sexual activities of the natural man, which it subserves, or by its too exclusive attention to the aims and cravings of the spiritual man, into which it passes, would do less than justice to one side of that human nature which is at the same time a citizen of Time and Eternity, and by so doing provoke the ideal either of a purely sensuous existence, the acceptance of an Aphrodite wholly of the sense, or of an asceticism which practically renounced the claims of Nature and a living house on Earth altogether. In the modern tendency to break through established ideals and conventions with the avowed endeavour to promote a more vigorous vitality, a tendency which may best be indicated with the name of Nietzsche, we may observe an effort which, at least according to its own reckoning, is an effort to dethrone the ethical service of Apollo and crown the God Dionysos in his place. Such a revolution, it is obvious, has its real roots in Oriental Nature worship rather than the life and spirit of ancient Greece. And whatever we may think of its relative value as a winnowing fan and a leaven toward a more rational synthesis of human life than it is itself able to comprehend, it is fundamentally a retogression and not an advance. We may indeed relate in different measure the thought and life of men like Whitman, Wilde, Heine, Byron, and Wagner (though the latter was rejected by Nietzsche as a disciple), nay, even that healthy iconoclast Mr Bernard Shaw, if he so wills it, to such a movement; but to claim for it, as I see is claimed by one of its most recent exponents, such names as Goethe, Emerson, Thoreau, Pater,

Meredith, and even such a man as Blake, except with great reservations, both relatively to Art and life, is wholly to misconceive the fundamental character of their genius. All these men, with the possible exception of Blake, whose frenzy, such as it was, however, was rather Hebraic than Dionysian, and whose art, at least in its determined purpose, was wholly Hellenic-Christian, were men to whom the breath of intellectual sanity was the breath in which they live and move, as native almost as it was to Shakspere. We cannot conceive such spirits becoming mad as was the destiny of poor Nietzsche, except by an "act of God" as sudden as the cataclysm of a world. In conclusion to this note or rather notes which my poem has suggested possibly by way of apology for what its author feels is a very cursory and inadequate reference to one of the most profound problems of modern life, I will only add by way of winding up with my original subject that both Dionysos and Aphrodite Pandemos personified the fruits of the Earth and their enjoyment, are in fact connected with the mysterious symbolism of natural growth. It is worth noting, however, that Dionysos in the Homeric poems is not regarded as one of the true Hellenic Pantheon at all, and the worship of Aphrodite Pandemos, as first consecrated at Athens by Theseus, was rather in the interest of the claims of civic unity than by way of associating the purely sexual impulse of man's nature with the service of religion. So that here too, if we wish it, we may find but another illustration of that great text of Emerson,

> "Heartily know
> When half-gods go
> The gods arrive."

PAGE 125.

"Parish News."

Thoreau once remarked he could well dispense with a Post Office. His attitude to the daily newspaper was quite as uncompromising. "News. How much more important to know Time that was never old!" Mr Hosea Wilbur regarded the matter with a braver and far more humorous philosophy (No. 6 Biglow Papers, 1st series). Even Carlyle took in

the *Times*, and our finest modern exponent of the Gospel of Nature keeps his eyes open, we are told, even to the political complications of Chili and Peru.

PAGE 125.

"The juice of it, Tahatawan."

Readers of Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord River" will recollect that he mentions (Sunday) Tahatawan, the Concord Sachem, as coming to the country between Chelmsford and Dracot two hundred years before he himself sailed on the broad bosom of the Merrimac. It was adopted as a pet name between him and his loved brother John, a relation that may be paralleled by that existing between the two Laniers, and at the end of a beautiful and humorous letter written to this brother, Nov. 11, 1837, we find the interesting signature, "Tahatawan. A bow and arrow, his mark."

PAGE 126.

"The Painter and the Squirrel."

The grave of Emerson is marked by a fine block of rough hewn rose quartz, of at least nine or ten tons weight I should say. There is a bronze plate upon it with the inscription under his name,

> "The passive master lent his hand
> To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

It stands between two very fine pine trees, with the grave of Lydian Emerson, the wife, hard by, within the enclosure allotted to the family, on the author's ridge of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord. This Cemetery is without doubt the most beautiful resting-place for the dead I have seen. It will be interesting perhaps here to note some of the words used by Emerson himself on the dedication of this Cemetery,—"To this modest spot of God's earth shall repair every sweet and friendly influence; the beautiful night and the beautiful day will come in turn to sit upon the grass. The well-beloved birds will not sing one song the less; they will find out the hospitality of this asylum.

Sleepy Hollow,—in this quiet valley (it is really a succession of three small ridges wooded with pine, oak, birch and maple), as in the palm of Nature's hand, we shall sleep well, when we have finished our day. And when these acorns that are falling at our feet are oaks overshadowing our children in a remote century, this mute green bank will be full of history. . . . I have heard that death takes us away from all things, not from good. The being that can share thoughts and feelings so sublime is no mushroom. Our dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality." (Used in Essay on "Immortality," viii. 305. Cabot, ii. 378, where whole address is given.)

PAGE 131.

"To a friend."

In this poem I have reset with some trifling rearrangement and omission the substance of two very fine letters Thoreau wrote to his friend Mrs Emerson, a real appreciator of the man. Though Thoreau was not a man of many friends, and he has been severely criticised on this head, his utterances on friendship are always profound and only defective, if it be a defect, through the exorbitant claims they make on the Ideal. "In the beginning of friendship, for it does not grow, we realise such love and justice as are attributed to God" ("Summer," p. 187). His thoughts on the subject are developed at most length in his "Tour on the Concord River" (Wednesday). But he is constantly haunted with the subject, and his attitude to it goes far to explain much otherwise difficult to expound in his character.

PAGE 134.

"Is it as Yogin," etc.

I cite from the sixth lesson of the Bhagavad-gīta, in the translation of L. D. Barnett, verses 9-14.

"The man of the Rule shall ever hold himself under the Rule, abiding alone in a secret place, utterly subdued in mind, without craving and without possessions.

"On a pure spot he shall set for himself a firm seat, neither

over-high nor over-low, and having over it a cloth, a deer's skin and kusá grass.

"On this couch he shall seat himself with thought intent and the workings of mind and sense-instruments restrained, and shall for purification of spirit labour on the Rule.

"Firm, holding body, head, and neck in unmoving equipoise, gazing on the end of his nose, and looking not round about him.

"Calm of spirit, void of fear, abiding under the vow of chastity, with mind restrained and thought set on Me, so shall he sit that is under the Rule, given over to Me."

In the Sāmkhyan gnosis the Yogin through knowledge, to which the royal road is the asceticism of the Yoga, the Yogin brings his soul into its "essential form," *svarūpa*, a state in which it abides unclouded by this shadow in stilled Buddhi, until at last it wins isolation, *kaivalya*, an eternal severance from Buddhi and all other material associations ("Intro.," p. 31).

But in the Bhagavad-gītā the logical result of pure absorption is not nearly so defined. Here, "as matter itself is to the Lord as clay in the potter's hand, He moulds it to wear this wondrous semblance, and joins it to His own Spirit, to create a world of darkness, that light may dawn therein for the elect; nay, in His love and power He even stoops to clothe in it somewhat of His own essence, and comes on earth in mortal shape to guide men from darkness into light" ("Intro.," p. 79).

In this poem Works are expressly defended as against the pure inaction of the ascetic, Lesson V. In one passage, Lesson V., verse 25, the writer speaks of extinction in Brahma as the goal, but this is not the effect of his main teaching. To this school the Yoga in its supreme stage is the union of the human soul with the divine in faith, love, and knowledge. At least, this is the conclusion which this very able translator and commentator arrives at. "From the text itself it appears that (Lesson IX.) there is a Paradise for some and a total identity in Vāsudeva for the more elect. In this Lesson (IX.) there are two more verses I should like to quote, the first as interesting in its relation to Thoreau, the second as supremely characteristic of Indian speculation as contrasted with Christian philosophy. In verse 26 we have the words, "If one of earnest spirit set before

Me with devotion a leaf, a flower, fruit or water, I enjoy this offering of devotion." In verse 28 we read, "I am indifferent to all born beings; there is none whom I hate, none whom I love. But they that worship Me with devotion dwell in Me, and I in them."

PAGE 134.

"Or thought you seemed to miss on Earth."

"It would be sweet to deal with men more, I can imagine; but where dwell they? Not in the fields I traverse" ("Winter," p. 114). But we must not press the thought for Thoreau, as he said, "A man's friendship should make him strong enough to do without a friend. Nothing is more saddening than an ineffectual, proud interview with those of whom we expect sympathy" ("Spring," p. 309).

PAGE 135.

"Quicken among the willow's roots."

"My life essentially belongs to the present as that of a willow tree in the spring" ("Winter," p. 256). May I ever be in good spirits as a willow. They never despair. They are emblems of youth, joy and everlasting life. Their silvery down peeps out in the warmest days of January" ("Winter," p. 392).

PAGE 135.

"Humblest of Earth's fruits."

"I am startled that God can make me so rich even with my cheap stores" ("Spring," p. 129). "If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs—is more elastic, starry and immortal—that is your success" (Walden). His extraordinary observation of the beauty of the soil at the opening of Spring, to say nothing of his studies of lichens and barks, are known to his readers. "An abode without birds is like meat without seasoning" is another of his sayings. "Give him sunshine and a handful of nuts and he has enough" was a saying of his friend

E. Channing. "I will sip the sunbeams for the public good" ("Spring," p. 233). "I am eager to report the glory of the universe." "Measure your health with your sympathy with morning and spring." "I wish again to participate in the serenity of nature, to share the happiness of the river and woods." "My greatest skill has been to want little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it. And then I think of those amongst men who will know that I love them, though I tell them not." That last sentence gives the secret of the man. "Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly Lights" (Walden).

Page 136.

I read of this John Shea in some local paper, while staying at Concord. He was born in 1844, and after playing his part in the Civil War in the 13th Massachusetts Battery was dismissed in 1865. Finally, after various attempts at trades in Boston, he set up his modest residence, as stated in the text, and passed under the name of the hermit of Boston. Kipling, Shakspere and Walt Whitman are stated as figuring strongly in his humble library. He lives there now, so far as I know, earning as a peddler just sufficient to live on in addition to his garden produce, hybernating mostly through the winter.

Page 139.

"The Gramophone."

"How little do the most wonderful inventions of modern times detain us. They insult nature. The theories and speculations of men concern us more than their puny accomplishment" (Thoreau, "Works," vol. x. p. 65).

Mr Bernard Shaw contrasts with his characteristic irony the superior ingenuity of the modern in his invention of mechanical utilities for War as compared with those which are subservient to Peace ("Man and Superman," p. 107). But as Professor Bosanquet has truly observed, "Some critics are fond of saying that we make nothing well now but the instruments of war. They omit one class of appliances, the instruments of science.

A compound microscope of the present day is one of the greatest triumphs of intellect in workmanship that the world has ever seen" ("History of Æsthetik," p. 468).

PAGE 145.

"The daybreak of the Lilies."

This is a free translation in verse of an experience of Thoreau. It is narrated in that division of his Journals entitled "Summer," how he went to Conantum on July 4, 1852, starting at 3 A.M, to see the opening of the water lilies, a favourite flower of his. It is the nymphœa odorata of whose advent he said,—"It is the resurrection of virtue. It is these sights and sounds that convince us of immortality" ("Summer," p. 158). The exploit was equally memorable of himself and his theory of the good.

PAGE 148.

"That's the chair he nursed the gods on,
Teaching them to say so grandly
All Earth much prefers unsaid."

Compare the sentiment of Mr Wilbur: "Some people, nowadays, seem to have hit upon a new moralisation of the moth and the candle. They would lock up the light of Truth, lest poor Psyche should put it out in her effort to draw nigh to it."

PAGE 148.

"There he is who fought your battles."

Emerson's description of this in his Diary (May 23rd, 1846, see Cabot's Corr., note, p. 104) is worth recording. "In Carlyle's head, which came last night, how much appears! How unattainable this truth to any painter! Here have I the inevitable traits which the sun forgets not to copy, and which I thirst to see, but which no painter remembers to give me. Here have I the exact sculpture, the form of the head, the rooting of the hair, thickness of the lips, the man that God made. And all the Lawrences and D'Orsays now serve me well as illustration. I have the form and organism, and can better spare the expression and colour. What would I not

give for a head of Shakspere by the same artist? Of Plato? Of Demosthenes? Here I have the jutting brow, and the excellent shape of the head. And here the organism of the eye full of England, the valid eye, in which I see the strong executive talent which has made his thought available to the nations, whilst others as intellectual as he are pale and powerless."

Carlyle was a bad sitter as Watts found among others, and this slight on the painter's art may be consequently the more readily pardoned by the artist. But Emerson's predilection was always towards sculpture rather than painting, and his own work shows it. During the last days of his life, looking with a smile of affection at this portrait, he said, "*That* is that man, my man" ("Cabot," vol. ii. p. 300). There is, by the by, a very fine bust of this biographer in the same room, a strong Roman head. He saw him on the day of his death.

PAGE 149.

"She,—his Margaret beseech."

The Margaret here is, of course, Margaret Fuller, the "heroic Margaret" of the "beautiful enthusiasm," as Carlyle speaks of her in a letter of his to Emerson; who, among other uses more voluntary, was at least instrumental in evoking from her friend a true letter on the limitations of human friendship, strong, yet tender, and humorous (dated Concord, October 24, 1840). She was drowned in a shipwreck on Fire Island beach in July 1850, on the return journey from Italy, with her husband and child; and a picture of an Italian villa, which was found on the beach and was supposed to have been intended as a gift to Emerson, was forwarded him by her family and treasured as a last memento of his friend. "Poor Margaret, I often remember her; and think how she is asleep now under the surges of the sea," added his other friend to whom her history came with many traits of the heroic in it, though wild as the prophecy of a Sibyl.

PAGE 151.

By Emerson's Grave.

I think it might be of interest to any reader, who may not have already crossed them, to hear the words of that great

American, Walt Whitman, under similar circumstances, a beautiful case of friendship unimpaired by grave differences of opinion in several important matters.

"We stand by Emerson's new made grave without sadness—indeed a solemn joy and faith, almost hauteur—our soul benison, no mere

'Warrior rest, thy task is done,'

for one beyond the warriors of the world lies surely symboll'd here. A just man, poised on himself, all-loving, all-inclosing, and sane and clear as the sun. Perhaps the life now rounded and completed in its mortal development, and which nothing can change or harm more, has its most illustrious halo, not in its splendid intellectual or æsthetic products, but as forming in its entirety one of the few perfect and flawless excuses for being of the entire literary class" ("Specimen Days").

PAGE 156.

"Thy spirit burst in life free of Earth's prison."

What to Emerson was the Oversoul, and in what relation did the human soul stand to the same? There is no answer that will accommodate itself to any particular system of philosophy. Emerson throughout had an instinctive shrinking from the system-maker, the "gnat grasping the world," as he somewhere called him. Not that he refused metaphysics as such. He was too profound a thinker not to see that all human thought was permeated with metaphysic, conscious or implied. No one was more keen to point out the limitations of the pure savant. But he seems to have had always the fear about him that any development of the philosophical method would land you ultimately in a dogmatic method. His strength did not lie in philosophical exposition. It does not appear that he ever thoroughly made himself intimate with the history of philosophy or indeed the full comprehension of any philosophy. His essay on Plato is strangely superficial so far as the illumination of Platonic Thought is concerned (compare with it, for instance, Nettleship's Platonic Theory of Education in the Hellenica Essays). And yet he

appears to have studied Plato first hand more closely than any other thinker. Later in life he read such a book as Caird's "Philosophy of Kant" with some interest. But, generally speaking, we may say that he was no more a philosopher than his friend Carlyle, in the strict sense of the word. Perhaps to understand any philosophy we must be on something a good deal more than mere speaking terms with the entire history of philosophy. As he said in his "Natural History of the Intellect" I want not the logic, but the power, if any, which it brings into science and literature (see Cabot, "Reminiscences," pp. 254-260, where there is some penetrative criticism). His ideal of Wisdom is something similar to that of Thoreau: "The wisest man preaches no doctrines; he has no scheme; he sees no rafter, not even against the heavens. It is clear sky." Or as he himself put it in a thousand ways, the following as good as another: "In writing my thoughts I seek no harmony, or result. I am not careful to see how they comport with other thoughts or other moods. I trust them for that." His dread throughout is crystallization or rather petrification. Wisdom, as he said, consists in "keeping the soul liquid." He exhibits the fear of the artist lest his work should become too tight,—incapable of the subtlety of expansion and the larger horizon. "All that we aim at is reception" was a saying of his. The same is equally true of Aristotle or Hegel. Simply they grasped with more intimacy the truth that if we receive we must have something in which to receive. His standpoint may be compared with that of Amiel, another writer averse to the fetters of any particular system, but whose fundamental idealism is clear enough; the strong vein of pessimism in Amiel's meditation is, however, almost entirely absent from Emerson's persistent optimism. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that the personal note of Christianity on its ethical side was more keenly felt by him than by Emerson; and Emerson, in this respect, may be more directly related to a writer such as George Meredith, while Amiel more closely approaches a very different personality, already mentioned by his sympathetic translator, Thomas Hill Green. In this sense Amiel says of Goethe, "He ignores holiness, and has never allowed himself to reflect on the dark problem of evil" (p. 187,

transl.). But here Emerson is not far behind him. And in both cases we cannot help feeling that there is a certain injustice. After all it is a question of degree, and as such it marks a truth. At the same time it would be false to suppose that Emerson was not fully conversant with some of the primary truths of philosophy. "Philosophy affirms that the outward world is only phenomenal," or as he puts it rather better, "the real world (by which presumably he means the world of the understanding) is not the world we think,"—these are but two of many statements which show him conversant with the standpoint of Idealism. But he used such knowledge rather as a mystic or prophet than a philosopher. He valued at a high rate, as highly as Coleridge himself, the Kantian distinction between Reason and Understanding. But for him Reason was interpreted in a sense more congenial to the poet or the mystic than the thinker. He begins his Essay on "History": "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same." Such would suggest ground-roots such as underlie Hegel's "Philosophy of History," and that it has such ground-roots cannot be denied. But we may not press it. His philosophy professed to be practical, a point of view as remote from that of the German philosopher as could be. And he says of Reason itself: "Reason is the highest faculty of the soul, what we mean often by the soul itself; it never *reasons*, never proves: it simply perceives, it is vision." We are in fact carried off at once into the Elysium of the mystic and think of Boehme or even Jacobi. He apprehended Idealism in a way that could be apprehended by the intuitions of the many. Without intending to be popular he was popular in the sense that the poet and prophet are popular as compared with the systematic thinker. "The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale which identifies him now with the first cause and now with the flesh of his body; life above life, in infinite degrees" (Essays, "Experience"). Here we have spiritual evolution popularly expressed. "In the hour of vision, there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things

go well" (Essays, "Self-reliance"). "He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time" (Essays, "Self-reliance"). In such expressions we have either the language of the mystic or a reflection of the rapture of the Platonic philosopher. Or we may find an affinity with Indian philosophy, in which, as a friend of Thoreau, he was doubtless more or less conversant, such an abiding in the Supreme, as the Vāsudevic writings taught to the ecstatic Bhākta,—through union of truth and knowledge,—each individual soul being a facet of the one World-soul, but whose personality (at least in such a poem as the Bhagavadgītā) was predicated as immortal. Or, as we may finally sum up in his words, "This is the ultimate fact, which we so quickly reach on this as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed One. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree into which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain" (Essays, "Oversoul").

The defects of such an outlook are obvious from the critical standpoint. The tendency here, as he himself even claimed, is to "enthrone instinct." Emotion and instinct may be excellent in their right place, but they are dangerous masters, and in themselves are not even inspiration. Their value is clearly relative, at the highest, to the character of the genius whereof they are the expression. What makes them in Emerson's case of so much value is mainly due to the fact that we are here in contact with not merely an original spiritual force, but a profoundly penetrating intelligence, an intelligence that was, despite all its rejection of method, fully conscious of the absolute claims of sanity. "I wish to see a revival of the human mind." "The essential mark of poetry is that it betrays in every word instant activity of mind." He was, in some sort, the prophet of intelligence, but intelligence that has ripened to full vigour through all the faculties in the imagination. "I take it," he says, "to be a main end of education to touch the springs of wonder in us." If somewhat less than the true philosopher, he is more in the sense that he was, in his own language, "the man of both worlds, with all his doors open, with equal facility of reception

and communication,—such as Plato and Montaigne." To impose upon him the criticism of the mere philosopher or scholar is to misapprehend the meaning of his work and its essential spirit. He was one who had received the divine vision; that commanding power which creates the character which is "the true theocracy." It is this rather than the scholar that he desired to foster and create. As some one said of his voice, "it seemed the utterance of the soul only." "It was good," says Hawthorne, "to meet him in the woodpaths or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffusing about his presence like the garment of a shining one." As another said in the language of prose: "The main thing about him was that he unconsciously brought you face to face with the infinite in humanity." Or as he himself says: "I am surrounded by messengers of God, who send me credentials day by day. Jesus is not a solitary, but still a lovely herald" (*Journal*, 1834). No wonder then of all his writings, despite all their limitations or want of method for the trained thinker, it may be truly said, and could there be nobler praise: "When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn?" It is the spirit of which Plato speaks in his reference to "the beauty which meets the sense like a breeze, and insensibly draws the soul into harmony with the beauty of reason."

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